



THE BEST POEMS OF 1923



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

THE BEST POEMS OF 1923

EDITED BY
L. A. G. STRONG

Author of "Dublin Days"



WITHDRAWN
Field Library
Eastern Oregon University
1410 L Avenue
La Grande, OR 97850

BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

THE BEST POEMS
OF 1923

COPYRIGHT, 1924
By SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Printed in the United States of America

PRINTED BY THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
BOUND BY THE BOSTON BOOKBINDING COMPANY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Strong, Leonard Alfred George, ed. The best poems of 1923.
Bost.Small,1924. 225p. \$2.

An anthology of poems which appeared in English and American periodicals in 1923. While aiming to make his selection representative the author has consistently made his own preferences the basis for inclusion. Index of first lines and table of contents.

811.08 or 821.08 Poetry—Collections

24-3693/3

IN MEMORIAM
ALICE MEYNELL

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In addition to the poets represented, whose kindness I very gratefully acknowledge for permission to reprint their work, my thanks are due to the following Editors and Publishers for the poems they have courteously allowed me to reprint:

To The Editor of the *American Hebrew*,
The Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*,
The Editor of the *Bookman*,
The Editor of the *Chapbook*,
The Editor of the *Country Heart*,
The Editor of the *Dial*,
The Editor of the *Double Dealer*,
The Editor of the *English Review*,
The Editor of the *Freeman*,
The Editor of *Gargoyle*,
The Editor of the *Golden Hind*,
The Editor of *Harper's Magazine*,
The Editor of the *Liberator*,
The Editor of the *Literary Review*,
The Editor of the *London Mercury*,
The Editor of the *Measure*,
The Editor of the *Nation and Athenæum*,
The Editor of the *Nation* (New York),

The Editor of the *New Leader*,
The Editor of the *New Republic*,
The Editor of the *Prairie*,
The Editor of *Poetry*,
The Editor of *Rhythmus*,
The Editor of the *Saturday Review*,
The Editor of the *Smart Set*,
and The Editor of the *Spectator*.

To MESSRS. ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD., for "The Bones
of Chuang Tzu," from "The Temple and
Other Poems" by Arthur Wales.

MESSRS. CHRISTOPHER, for "Novissima Verba"
by F. V. Branford.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH, for "Winter," from
"Bucolic Comedies" by Edith Sitwell.

MESSRS. GRANT RICHARDS, for "Orpheus,"
from "Out-of-the-Flame" by Osbert Sit-
well.

MESSRS. HARCOURT, BRACE & Co., for "Steel
Mill" from "Roast Leviathan" by Louis
Untermeyer.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HEINEMANN, LTD., for
"Children of Darkness," "The Lord
Chamberlain Tells of a Famous Meeting"
and "The Return" from "Whipperginny"
by Robert Graves; for "In the Orchard"
from "Poems" by Muriel Stuart.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., for "An
Epilogue" from "Krindlesyke" by Wil-
fred Wilson Gibson; for "The Deer of

Ireland" from "Dramatic Legends" by
Padraic Colum.

CECIL PALMER, for "An Old Song" from
"Santa Barbara" by G. K. Chesterton.

Also to Mr. Wilfred Meynell, for kind per-
mission to reprint "Rivers Unknown to
Song."

Particulars of the magazines from which each
poem has been reprinted will be found under the
table of contents.

CONTENTS

(All the poems in this book are copyright.)

	PAGE
AIKEN, CONRAD	
The House (<i>Bookman</i> , October, 1922) . . .	3
ALDINGTON, RICHARD	
A Garden Homily (<i>Literary Review</i> , August, 1922)	22
ASHLEY, KENNETH H.	
Rudkin (<i>Nation</i> , July 8, 1922)	23
AUSLANDER, JOSEPH	
Wings at Dawn (<i>New Republic</i> , January 17, 1923)	24
BANGS, JANET NORRIS	
Care (<i>Poetry</i> , October, 1922)	25
BARRY, IRIS	
Virgin Moon (<i>Poetry</i> , September, 1922) . . .	26
BAX, CLIFFORD	
At the Turn of the Year (<i>Golden Hind</i> , January, 1923)	27
BENET, STEPHEN VINCENT	
King David (<i>Nation</i> , N. Y., February 14, 1923) .	28
BINYON, LAWRENCE	
Magnets (<i>New Republic</i> , September 12, 1922) .	38
BLUNDEN, EDMUND	
Water Moment (<i>London Mercury</i> , February, 1923)	39
BODENHEIM, MAXWELL	
City Girl (<i>Liberator</i> , July, 1922)	40
BRANFORD, F. V.	
Novissima Verba (<i>English Review</i> , July, 1923) .	41
BYNNER, WITTER	
Wistaria (<i>New Republic</i> , June 13, 1923) . . .	48
CAMPBELL, JOSEPH	
Fires (<i>Nation</i> , October 21, 1922)	49
CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH	
The Old Song (<i>English Review</i> , October, 1922) .	50
CHURCH, RICHARD	
Italy (<i>Spectator</i> , February 17, 1922.)	53
COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH J.	
Evening (<i>Dial</i> , September, 1922)	56

	PAGE
COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM	
The Ship o' Bed (<i>Freeman</i> , December 13, 1922) . . .	57
COLUM, PADRAIC	
The Deer of Ireland (<i>London Mercury</i> , November, 1922)	60
COPPARD, A. E.	
Night Piece (<i>Spectator</i> , May 19, 1922)	61
COURNOS, JOHN	
Epstein's "Christ" (<i>American Hebrew</i> , February 16, 1922; <i>New Leader</i> , October 13, 1922) . . .	62
CUMMINGS, E. E.	
Poem (<i>Chapbook</i> , April, 1923)	64
CUNARD, NANCY	
Sonnet (<i>English Review</i> , March, 1923)	66
D., H.	
At Ithaca (<i>Nation</i> , January 27, 1923)	67
Centaur Song (<i>Gargoyle</i> , August, 1922)	69
DE LA MARE, WALTER	
The Widow (<i>New Republic</i> , October 18, 1922) . . .	71
DEUTSCH, BABETTE	
Megalosaurus (<i>New Republic</i> , September 6, 1922) . .	72
DOYLE, CAMILLA	
The Town Rabbit in the Country (<i>Chapbook</i> , May, 1923)	73
ELDRIDGE, PAUL	
Emperor T'Ang, Skeptic (<i>Double Dealer</i> , August, 1922)	75
EVANS, ABBIE HUSTON	
Says Life of Youth (<i>Measure</i> , October, 1922.) . . .	76
FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON	
From "Five Serenades" (<i>Rhythmus</i> , March, 1923) . .	77
Serenade at Noonday	78
FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD	
Prayers (<i>Poetry</i> , April, 1923)	79
FLEXNER, HORTENSE	
Judgment (<i>New Republic</i> , December 20, 1922) . .	84
FRANK, WALDO	
Plaint (<i>Prairie</i> , February, 1923)	85
FROST, ROBERT	
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening (<i>New Republic</i> , March 7, 1923; <i>Chapbook</i> , March, 1923)	88
GIBSON, WILFRED WILSON	
An Epilogue (<i>Harper's Magazine</i> , August, 1922) . .	89

	PAGE
GOGARTY, OLIVER ST. JOHN	
Earth and Sea (<i>Smart Set</i> , February, 1923) . .	90
GOLDING, LOUIS	
Bees in Peach Blossom (<i>Saturday Review</i> , June 1923)	91
GRAVES, ROBERT	
Children of Darkness (<i>New Republic</i> , November 29, 1923)	92
The Lord-Chamberlain Tells of a Famous Meeting (<i>Poetry</i> , February, 1923)	93
The Return (<i>Bookman</i> , Christmas 1922) . . .	98
GRAY, ALEXANDER	
Epitaph on a Vagabond (<i>London Mercury</i> , August, 1922)	99
HALL, HAZEL	
Ephemera (<i>The Measure</i> , August, 1922) . . .	100
HAMILTON, DAVID OSBORNE	
Once More the Moon (<i>Poetry</i> , April, 1923) . .	101
HARDY, THOMAS	
On the Portrait of a Woman About to be Hanged (<i>London Mercury</i> , February, 1923)	102
HELSTON, JOHN	
Missel Thrush (<i>English Review</i> , March, 1923) .	103
HEMINGWAY, ERNEST M.	
Chapter Heading (<i>Poetry</i> , January, 1923) . . .	104
HOARD, PRESCOTT	
Sky Line (<i>Measure</i> , December, 1922)	105
HOUSMAN, LAURENCE	
Badcombe Fair: Night (<i>Spectator</i> , December 16, 1922)	106
A Dead Warrior (<i>Spectator</i> , March 3, 1923) . .	108
HUGHES, RICHARD	
Lover's Reply to Good Advice (<i>Spectator</i> , October 21, 1922)	109
KREYMBORG, ALFRED	
Advertisement (<i>New Republic</i> , March 14, 1923) .	110
Truck Drivers (<i>Liberator</i> , April, 1923) . . .	111
LAWRENCE, C. E.	
The Daytime Moon (<i>Nation</i> , November 11, 1922)	116
LAWRENCE, D. H.	
The Evening Land (<i>Poetry</i> , November, 1922) . .	117
LINDSAY, VACHEL	
The Mountain Cat (<i>New Republic</i> , December 6, 1922; <i>London Mercury</i> , April, 1923) . . .	122

LOWELL, AMY	
Easel Picture: Decoration Day (<i>Dial</i> , October, 1922)	135
MACKENZIE, JEAN KENYON	
The White Man's Dreams (<i>Atlantic Monthly</i> , December, 1922)	136
MASTERS, EDGAR LEE	
Worlds (<i>Poetry</i> , October, 1922)	137
MAY, BEULAH	
The Wanderer (<i>Liberator</i> , September, 1922)	142
MEYNELL, ALICE	
"Rivers Unknown to Song" (<i>Atlantic Monthly</i> , November, 1922)	143
MILES, SUSAN	
Microcosmos (<i>Nation</i> , November 18, 1923)	144
MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT	
Never May the Fruit be Plucked (<i>Harper's Maga-</i> <i>zine and Chapbook</i> , April, 1923)	147
MILLER, GERALD	
Luna (<i>Spectator</i> , May 26, 1923)	148
MONROE, HARRIET	
On the Train (<i>Poetry</i> , October, 1922)	149
NORTH, JESSICA NELSON	
At Night: The Sleeper (<i>Poetry</i> , August, 1922)	151
O'NEIL, GEORGE	
Events (<i>Measure</i> , September, 1922)	153
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN	
The Fair (<i>Spectator</i> , May 5, 1923)	155
Wedded (<i>Nation</i> , April 7, 1923)	156
PORTER, ALAN	
A Sophistry of Love (<i>Spectator</i> , October 28, 1923)	157
RECHT, CHARLES	
Sundown in America (<i>Liberator</i> , July, 1922)	159
REDMAN, BEN RAY	
Men, Women and Words (<i>Double Dealer</i> , Decem- ber, 1922)	161
RICKWORD, EDGECELL	
Terminology (<i>Spectator</i> , December 30, 1922)	164
RIDGE, LOLA	
Snow Dance for the Dead (<i>Poetry</i> , July, 1922)	166
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON	
Avenel Gray (<i>Poetry</i> , October, 1922)	168
ROSS, GERTRUDE ROBINSON	
I Was Made of This and This (<i>Nation</i> , N. Y., March 14, 1923)	181

	PAGE
RUSSELL, SYDNEY KING	
Interim (<i>Measure</i> , September, 1922)	183
SACKVILLE-WEST, V.	
Moonlight (<i>London Mercury</i> , May, 1923)	184
SITWELL, EDITH	
Winter (<i>English Review</i> , and <i>Rhythmus</i> , March, 1923)	185
SITWELL, OSBERT	
Orpheus (<i>Nation</i> , March 24, 1923)	188
SQUIRE, J. C.	
Another Generation (<i>London Mercury</i> , December, 1922)	190
STEPHENS, JAMES	
The Golden Bird (<i>Nation</i> , October 14, 1922) . .	194
STEVENS, WALLACE	
To the One of Fictive Music (<i>New Republic</i> , November 15, 1922)	195
STUART, MURIEL	
In the Orchard (<i>Poetry</i> , November, 1922) . . .	197
STRACHEY, J. ST. LOE	
Four Distiches: I, II (<i>Spectator</i> , January 20, 1923; III, IV, <i>London Mercury</i> , October, 1922)	199
TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE	
Solar Myth (<i>Measure</i> , October, 1922)	200
TYNAN, KATHARINE	
The Ass of Heaven (<i>Country Heart</i> , July, 1922) .	203
UNTERMAYER, LOUIS	
Steel Mill (<i>Prairie</i> , December, 1922)	205
WALEY, ARTHUR	
The Bones of Chuang Tzu (<i>London Mercury</i> , February, 1923)	207
WARREN, C. HENRY	
The Stricken Peasant (<i>Spectator</i> , April 28, 1923)	211
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS	
Poem (<i>Dial</i> , June, 1923)	213
WOLFE, HUMBERT	
From "Kensington Gardens": Speke, Queen Victoria, Tail Piece (<i>The Chapbook</i> , August, 1922)	215
WOOD, CLEMENT	
Oh, Jubilee! (<i>Nation</i> , N. Y., January 24, 1923) .	216
WYLIE, ELINOR	
The Puritan's Ballad (<i>Rhythmus</i> , January, 1923)	217
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	221

INTRODUCTION

The critics of anthologies — and they are kept busy nowadays — appear to have settled down upon three distinct lines of attack.

The first is to complain that neither Mr. A nor Miss B is included. The second is to say that the anthology “lacks unity as a whole.” The third is to point out that, whereas this piece of rubbish by Mr. D is in the book, Mrs. E’s admirable Such-and-Such, from the So-and-So, is not.

If anything definite is to be gathered from these judgments, it is that opinions differ as to what an anthology should be. The first line of attack, in so far as it is relevant to an annual anthology, presupposes that the anthologist’s business is to collect poets, instead of poetry. Mr. A may have published nothing during the year in question, and Miss B nothing she will not regret.

The second, surprisingly popular of late, is surely rather ridiculous. How can a book, wherein a large number of authors find themselves in unpremeditated and perhaps unwelcome collaboration, be expected to have a unity? Or, how could a homogeneous anthology be anything but the production of a clique?

The third is the only relevant line of attack,

since it makes the issue one of taste: yet even it assumes that the anthologist can freely lay his hand upon any poem that delights his eye. He can't. One poet objects to anthologies on principle; another wishes more time to elapse before his work is reprinted; a third is willing, but not so his publisher.

One cannot, therefore, hope to please everybody. Accordingly it seemed to me that there was at least one person I should try to please — myself.

But there were limitations. Obviously the anthology should contain the best work to be found. But it should be “representative” also. Though Mr. X had written ten poems of surpassing beauty, they could not all be used — even in the unlikely event of Mr. X's agreeing. Compromise Number One.

Then again, the anthologist's own personal taste may favour long poems, or pastorals, or epigrams, or realistic free verse: but obviously he cannot allow it to run away with him. Compromise Number Two.

Finally, he must be something of a historian, and try to give a survey of the verse of his period, its tendencies, its scope, and its achievement.

Subject then to these limitations, I sat down to please myself, and pleasure has been my test in selecting the poems here assembled. I don't mean that every one of them pleases me altogether, but every one has at least one thrill of genuine

pleasure for me — some life, some of the quality which we call “gesture.” I have included one poem, technically quite bad, because it has in spite of itself said one or two things so strong and vivid that, after dismissing it to oblivion, I found I could not forget it: so back it had to come. Where a selection has to be wide, vitality is (within reason) the only test.

Only one poet is represented by more than two poems, and he — Mr. Robert Graves — has written in the year so much that belongs to literature that it has been very difficult to bring him down to three. I am sure no reader of his poems here can wish one away.

I am sorry it was impossible to print Mr. T. S. Eliot’s “The Waste Land,” an event in the year’s verse. I am sorry too, through circumstances quite out of my control, to miss a magical poem of Mr. W. H. Davies. One or two authors, whose work I should have liked to include, have so obviously aimed at discouraging me that I have respected their wishes.

I have to thank many friends for the kindness they have shown me while I was engaged upon this book, and I cannot refrain from thanking in particular my friends, Mrs. M. G. O’Brien, Mr. Edward J. O’Brien, and Mr. John Gould Fletcher, for the help they have so generously and freely given, and without which my task would have been impossible.

Although the journals from which contributions are taken are comparatively few, I have inspected a wide range of periodicals of all kinds — all upon which I could lay my hands. I am particularly anxious not to miss the occasional periodicals published by small groups, many of which I should not come upon in the ordinary way. Several, through the kindness of friends, I have secured: but I would be most grateful to the editors of such periodicals if they would send me a copy now and again, lest some good thing be passed over.

I should also be very grateful for suggestions and criticisms, addressed to me at Summer Fields, Oxford, England: and I hope that poets who wish their work included will not hesitate to send me MS. copies or cuttings of any poem that has appeared in a periodical after June 30th, 1923, with the name of the periodical and date appended. It is easy to miss one out of from four to five thousand poems: and, if a poem is sent to me, I shall at any rate have seen it.

L. A. G. STRONG.

Summer Fields,
Oxford, England.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1923

THE BEST POEMS OF 1923

THE HOUSE

WHEN the tree bares, the music of it changes:
Hard and keen is the sound, long and mournful;
Pale are poplar boughs in the evening light
Above my house, against a slate-cold cloud.
When the house ages and the tenants leave it,
Cricket sings in the tall grass by the threshold;
Spider, by the cold mantel, hangs his web.
Here, in a hundred years from that clear season
When I first came here bearing lights and music,
To this old ghostly house my ghost will come,
Pause in the half-light, turn by the poplar, glide
Above tall grasses through the broken door.
Who will say that he saw — or the dusk deceived
him —
A mist with hands of mist blow down from the
tree
And open the door and enter and close it after?
Who will say that he saw, as midnight struck
Its tremulous golden twelve, a light in the window,
And first heard music, as of an old piano,
Music remote, as if it came from the earth,

Far down; and then in the silence, eager voices?
“Houses grow old and die, houses have ghosts,
Once in a hundred years we return, old house,
And live once more . . .” And then the ancient
answer,

In voice not human, but more like creak of boards
Or rattle of panes in the wind — “Not as the owner
But as a guest you come, to fires not lit
By hands of yours . . . Through these long-silent
chambers

More slowly, turn, return, and bring once more
Your lights and music. It will be good to talk.”

But most of the holiday troops decide
For the coastwise pathway. On one side
They have, as they take their sauntering ways,
An endless reach of shallow tide;
And sunlight filtering through fawn haze
Draws streaks and knots of glistening pale
Slippery lustre of mother-of-pearl
On the paved expanse of airless sea:
Like the vagaries of loop and curl,
The faint bright varnish aimlessly
Trackt on a flagg'd walk by a snail.
But on the left side the path goes
Past tumble-down and shabby rows
Of sheds and booths and old marquees,
For dealing in stale gaities:
Where a giggling crowd for a penny stares
At an oily nigger saying his prayers;

Or in the clanging shooting-stalls
They fire skew rifles at little balls
Jumping about on water jets;
Or cheer their glee when a girl upsets
Head-over-heels at end of her ride
Down the slope of the taut wire, slung
For the trolley to race its headlong glide,
She like a sack on her pull'd arms hung.

But eating-shops are commonest;
And whether there be a special zest
In ham and eggs, their only fare,
Or some more potent trade thrive there,
These flourish more than all the rest.
Frowsy within, dingy without;
But mouldy finery litter'd about
On mantel-piece and table-top —
Knacks on fancy mats, and a crop —
Of tufted grass dyed yellow and pink,
Busts of the King, and glass hand-bells —
With plush-framed panels of glued sea-shells
Pinn'd to the walls, seem meant to make
The munching customer rather think
He eats in a parlour than a shop.
At every door a girl, to take
Her daily gossip, lolls at ease
Painted to make a parson blink,
And scented to make a foxhound sneeze.
Soon, when the loitering crowds begin,
With female clamour the air will shake,
Harsh as the sound of beaten tin,

Announcing tea and plates of fry;
Lest heedless hunger ramble by
And lust for ham should not awake.
Let a young man one instant give
Notice to these fierce syllables,
A wench will have him by the sleeve,
Whisper seriously in his ear,
And deftly show her petticoat frills.

But there is no trade yet come near.
The girls, posted to draw it in,
Idle awhile, and akimbo lean
Against the jambs of the doors, and throw
Cheerful scandalous banter about
In a reedy metallic effortless shout;
Or vacantly watch the steamships go,
That forth into empty oceans glide
Like gods on placid grand affairs,
Enchanted in far-seeing stares,
No more aware they coast beside
Small gazes at the water's edge
That any thoughtful traveller cares
For ants and beetles in the hedge.

The girl, though, of the meanest shanty there,
Was late to lounge on duty, and the shop
Open'd without her its crazy blister'd door
Wide and inviting to the table laid.
Already news of frying ham crept out
Hissing and savoury rank, and a slut bustled
In and out of the lean-to den at back

That served as kitchen. Even the music now
Struck up a jaunty racket: this was a neat
Black-drest black-bonneted meagre upright old
lady,

With grey shawl tight across her shoulders scrimpt,
Sitting, straight as a rod and iron-stiff,
Her back towards the door (" 'Tisn't your face
I'm hiring," she'd been told; "turn on the tunes
And keep your face turned off: mind that.") She
held

The rigid corner of her skinny knees
As fixt as limbs fetter'd together; and straight
As her spine was, her head was always leant
A little sideways and one shoulder shrugged
Immovably up to it; even her elbows prest
Firm on her waist as they'd been lashed there
close;

But nimble were her wrists and spry her fingers,
Never a moment flagging in their chase
Of imbecile gaiety. To and fro her hands
Went jangling wolfish chords and tinkling out
Silly flourishing airs; while she herself,
Fast in her stiff black trance, her tilted head
Held up in an unchanging muse to stare
Six inches over the piano-top at nothing,
Took from her wiry busily trifling hands
Not so much as a shiver.

A door bounced
Clattering open beside her at the back;

It gave upon a flight of upward stairs.
The wench came flurrying in and slammed it to:
A plump pert rattling merry-hearted thing,
Bright with her own good fortune; and that was,
To be alive. She skipt across and laid
Firm hold on the old lady's bony shoulders
And shook her stubborn pose; but the gay hands
Went playing on. So the wench screwed her
round;

Those faithfully frivolous hands were only stopt
When the lean body they were jointed to,
But hardly seemed belonging to, was slued
Right from the key-board; then they lay in her lap
And twitched uneasy fingers, as a dog
That lately hunted sleeps with jerking paws.

The Wench:

The bone of you!—Remind me, the next time
I tickle in the small of my back, to take
Your shoulder-blade for a scratching-post.—Come
round,

Bombasine!—I'd to hurry: I was kept.
Look me over and tell me, is my face
Done all to rights?—What's to do, Missis Eyes?
Whatever's the scare about? It's only paint.

The Old Lady:

You ought to be ashamed.

The Wench:

The same to you.

The Old Lady:

A painted face disgusts me.

The Wench:

That's because

You couldn't paint your dry old prune of a face,
Not if you were a house-painter.—Have sense,
And don't be a cross-patch: tell me how I look.

The Old Lady:

How should you look? You look like what you
are.

The Wench:

You don't: you look respectable.

The Old Lady:

You know

I've got to be here.

The Wench:

And you know I want to.

We can cry quits.

The Old Lady:

Oh, but my dear, my dear,

If I could help myself, I would help you.

The Wench:

It would be somebody else if it wasn't me:

I said, have sense.

The Old Lady:

Will you never have sense
How this painting your face and dressing up
Makes your life, that should be your very own,
Common as open ground?—When workmen cut
A short way to their job over a field,
It's very soon the grass is trodden dirt.

The Wench:

You skeleton! Calling me dirt! And who
Keeps the procession brisk with rousing tunes?

The Old Lady:

No need for that taunt: hot and bitter to me
As scalding poison to be doing this.

The Wench:

O look! Tribes already!—While we're in talk
Good money's slipping past us, running to waste.
Round you go and vamp us a spanking piece.

A slap and a twisting push left the old lady
Instantly stiffen'd into her posture again,
Her thin back turned severe against the door,
With canted head and slightly lifted gaze,
Her arms tuckt in; her diligent weaving hands
Might never have paused: back in their dainty pace
Off tript her fingers impudently jingling
Tinsel music to brighten the seduction
The wench was hoarsely busy with outside,

Snatching at likely passengers and shrugged
Laughingly off a dozen times before
She found her game. A young man, cap awry
To show his grease-lickt forelock, let her grasp
Stay a few seconds on his arm, and felt
Somehow a vague and pleased importance from it.

She knows him hers before he is sure
Himself what his mind is; and towards the door
She has him dragged, and is whispering,
Hugging him down, some cockering thing.
The delicate bloom of her bared arm greeting
His skin with its fine warm youth, her scent,
Her side against him, her merriment,
Set his heart dizzily beating
Burning blood through every vein;
And, startling along his nerves, delight
Flashes trembling into his brain.
Flesh clothes his spirit in flame star-white
One lightning moment — flame of the fire
That carries splendour of worlds like flakes
Of darkening slag; and swift as it came
The brightness dulls — a moment slakes
Flesh that wrapt him in thrilling flame
To flesh that is earth and mere desire.
Now it is easy work, and she
May bend as she likes his waxen will;
He yields, but he goes sulkily,
And makes her seem to hale him still.

The Wench:

Come along, innocent.

The Youth:

I'm not innocent.

The Wench:

You won't be so stand-offish after tea.

The Youth:

I don't want any tea.

The Wench:

 You'll want plenty
Once you have bitten into our ham.

The Youth:

 I don't
Fancy your fry.

The Wench:

 Are you in dread of thirst?

The Youth:

Ay, in a teashop.

The Wench:

 You wait till you sniff
The tea I'll brew you, and see if you don't wish
You'd shipwreckt in the tropics and brought home

The thirst of it undamaged. And the thing is,
What's cooking in the kitchen now is just
The image of that thirst, the spitting image.

The Youth:

Tea's not my style.

The Wench:

O, I can size you up.—
How's that?

The Youth:

Whatever have you put in it?

The Wench:

Look in the milk-jug.

The Youth:

Whisky!

The Wench:

You didn't think

To meet your old friend here!— Now for the fry:
Chew it up well and get the good of it!

The Youth:

By God! The good, you call it! Brim me my
cup,

Sharp, with the whisky, for a cool long drink.

The brine in deep-sea shrimps were sweet
To the smart pickle of that meat;
The thirst of labour in blazing sun
Were cool and smooth to the rage begun
With the first bite, in gullet and mouth;
And soon a tingling parching drouth
Flayed his throat as though it had been
Dried with quicklime, raspt by shagreen.
And cup after cup laced generously
Liquor'd his nettled palate, till he
Grew easy-minded and talkative,
And often sprawled aside to give
The wench a fondling slack caress,
Twixt mouthfuls of his salty mess.
And still that gaunt demure old lady, set
In visionary rigour, kept her mind
Averted, and her awkward figure still
As ebony, carving, while her active hands
Danced lightly over the notes in trivial airs.

The Youth:

Does she go by steam?

The Wench:

She's a curio.

But she can play.

The Youth:

Pretty well, pretty well.

Who put the poker down her back?

The Wench:

She's daft.

She's hazed herself with hours of sitting still
And strumming in black clothes. If I slid out
And left the lights full on she'd play till morn-
ing.—

And where do you work?

The Youth:

I'm in a builder's yard.

I'm in the joinery-sheds, where saws and planes
And moulders and the rest spin the whole day,
Chattering and growling and squalling.

The Wench:

Are they machines?

I thought such things were tools you carry about.

The Youth:

We're all machinery in the sheds. The roof
Is full of rumbling axles, and you walk
Dodging the flapping criss-cross of the belts
That bring the power slanting to the benches.
I run a mortising machine myself.

The Wench:

Are there any Jews in your shop?

The Youth:

Ay, there's one.

I'm down on Jews; I owe them something bitter.
This one cuts wood-blocks at a circular saw;
A dirty Jew! Dirt? There is just one spot
That he keeps clean. Where do you think it is?

The Wench:

I shouldn't like to say.

The Youth:

The end of his nose.
And not because he means it: but it dips
Into his tea at every drink he takes,
And washes itself pale as the white of his eyes
In his brown visnomy, just the fat tip.
I paid him out, though.

The Wench:

How?

The Youth:

To make his blocks
He pushes the wrought scantling to a stop
And guides it past the humming saw; and slice
It goes like cutting cheese, and a howling yelp
At every slice like thrashing a puppy-dog.

The Wench:

Who is it yelps? The Jew?

The Youth:

He did yelp once;

For I was strolling by, and right in the nick
Nudged the beast's elbow, and his hand just grazed
The screaming teeth. O, Mister Jew screamed
then;

It sheared his thumb off, clean as you could wish.

The Wench:

There's a smart daring lad. And was there
trouble?

The Youth:

The whole shop swore him down, gaffer and all;
Swore black was white, that I was at my bench.

The Wench:

Well, shall we go upstairs?

The Youth:

Here's to free love!

For tipsy enough she reckoned him by this
To let her sneaking hands unheeded go
Ransacking through his pockets while he bent
In earnest all his mind on fuddled lust.
She steadied him across the floor and steered
His lurches to the stairs, cuddling so close
That her embrace, before they were half-way,
Learnt the likely pockets for her to rummage.
They had a giggling scuffle to get through
The doorway; and for all she clipt him firm

And braced herself to hold him, he reeled off
So wide, he nearly stagger'd in her chair
That wistfully unalterable old lady
Keeping her tunes cheerily jiggling along
Like clockwork; but no flicker changed her gaze
Yonderly upward at the wallpaper,
No muscle for the scrimmage at her side
Slackened a moment in her angular
Steadfast unconcern. And still she sat
In the same empty unmoving speculation,
And still her fingers went the same glib gait,
Pouncing delicately, after the wench
Had hauled her sot upstairs.

A little girl
Ran frighten'd from outside into the shop,
Calling as she ran, "Miss Cissy! Miss Cissy!"
Her breath, from racing there, caught in her throat,
And her voice hardly shrilled above the old lady's
Never-ending trickle of giddy noise.
But the wench heard and hurried down; the youth
Came lunging after her, tripping himself
At every step, and loutishly stood by.
And still the serene old lady prettily played.

The Wench:

Didn't I tell you never to come again?

The Child:

But it's your mother, miss!

The Wench:

Now you trot back:

Tell her from me I'll not be harried here.

I've had enough of her to-day.

The Child:

But, miss,

She's dead.

The Wench:

What?—Stop that tinkling shindy, do!

She leant across, and struck those flippan-
hands

Down from the keys. The old lady settled back

Unruffled in her chair, grave and ignoring;

And blandly waited to begin again.

The Wench:

Now what's this story?

The Child:

When my aunty called,

There was your mother lying along the floor

As if she'd sprung out of bed — stiff as a crutch

And flat as a flounder, aunty said she was.

The Wench:

Nay, I should think hardly as flat as that.

She studied her own thoughts a moment.

Then,

Pleasantly brisking round on the old lady,
She said a thing to pierce that distant mind.

The Wench:

I'm finisht here: I shan't come back again.
Nobody now swallowing all I can earn!
I'll pick up easy money on my own.
Keep up your heart and give them lovely tunes.

And she and the child were gone. But look-
ing like
Bewilder'd terror now the old lady gaped
After them, and a gleam of frantic passion
Leapt to her eyes swift as a spark from steel;
Then quencht. And gently to herself she said,
"So she's the one to escape. She would, of course."

The young man suddenly roused out of his
daze:
Where was free love?— He'd lost his chance some-
how!
He shoved himself upright away from the wall
Where he had propt his swimming shoulders, stood
Quavering, and then propt himself again
With arms in front, leaning over a table.
He shouted, "Do you mean to swindle me?
She'd made me pay her, up there on the stairs.
I'll tell the police! I'll have the law on you!"
Then the old lady, clenching her lips, and
staring

With wide pale eyes at him, slowly stood up,
Decent and black, and very lean and tall.
She must have clutcht her head, for, if it was
The first time in her life, her bonnet now
Tipt ridiculously awry. She reacht
Her hand out for a pot of scarlet grasses,
And poised it ready to shy. "Get out!" she said,
Very quietly. But 'twas the look of her
That startled him like drenching icy water:
"God love me! I've lit among the maniacs!"
He stumbled out, anxiously eyeing her.

So she sat down again. As if she had been
A puppet carefully lower'd onto the chair,
Her limbs folded themselves precise and stiff
Back into her strict attitude again:
With shoulders huncht a little, leaning head,
And elbows squeezed tight in against a waist
Straight as a plank. Unmoving she sat on,
Lonely and prim, lost in a gaze at nothing.

"Another one will come to take her place;
And I shall still be here, luring them in."

Her hands strayed to the keyboard, hesitated,
Fumbled softly, and then ran off in trills
And graces of a skipping flighty tune.

CONRAD AIKEN.

A GARDEN HOMILY

COME, thrust your hands in the warm earth
And feel her strength through all your veins;
Breathe her full odors, taste her mouth,
Which laughs away imagined pains;
Touch her life's womb, yet know
This substance makes your grave also.

Shrink not; your flesh is no more sweet
Than flowers which daily blow and die;
Nor are your mien and dress so neat,
Nor half so pure your lucid eye;
And, yet, by flowers and earth I swear
You're neat and pure and sweet and fair.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

RUDKIN

RUDKIN was one who cattle sold,
Laughed loud, talked bold;
Children got, drank at inns,
Nor thought much of his sins.
Stout his legs, broad his back;
To live and thrive he had the knack.
All who went out, all who came in,
By Threckington, knew stout Rudkin.
Long he's been dead; his name has gone
Clean out of mind at Threckington;
If one should ask for Rudkin there
The village folk would stare and stare.
Rudkin is dead; dead as Queen Anne:
Hangs on my wall his warming-pan;
In hall hard by, solemn and clear,
Ticks the tall clock he used to hear;
Little Miss Wright, all unaware,
Reads her paper in his chair.
Down by the bridge the parapet
Is still chipped where his wain upset;
By the old barn there's an old pear
When he was wed he planted there.
His drover's dog was very like
Our butcher's cur: a mongrel tyke;
He had a bull with a crooked horn,
A heifer I saw like it this morn.
Down at "The George" in market-place
There's a bold wench wears his bold face.

KENNETH H. ASHLEY.

WINGS AT DAWN

DAWN is dense with twitter,
And the white air swims and sings
In rapid wings that glitter,
And the flashing of wings —
Delicate and fugitive shiverings.

The dews curl up in haze,
While the sun from his hive
Like a giant bee ablaze
Bursts dizzily alive —
And through the glow a thousand swallows dive.

Light like a storm
Deluges the grass,
And birds in a swarm
Wheel, dwindle and mass —
And their wings are split silver as they pass.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

CARE

CARE now lies
Where Care was not,
Shoved in the corner
But not forgot —
Care, in the corner.

I would call Laughter
Out of the trees;
But Laughter has bird eyes,
And Laughter sees
Care, in the corner.

JANET NORRIS BANGS.

VIRGIN MOON

HAVING chattered out
The overbrimming of their light hearts,
When the old moon had traveled over the house-
tops.
Far enough to dangle dancing shadows of leaves
Across their bed,
Veils of silence also were let down,
And they slept, virgin beside virgin.
The whisper of leaves outside the window
Filled the room
Long after the moon had trailed
Her net of shadow-boughs across their dreams
And was gone.

IRIS BARRY.

AT THE TURN OF THE YEAR

I HEARD the wind rise, the first autumn wind,
And the wild sound awoke a wild self in me,—
Perhaps the rarely-found, but ever-rumoured soul
Whose legend still perturbs the unwilling mind of
man.

Sometimes, long ago, before the flaming mist
Of adolescence cooled into an ordered sphere,
That spirit of ecstasy, that something-more-than-I,
Would storm through my thoughts and alter the
world's face.

I heard the wind rise; and I knew, as then I knew,
How great is man, though small to the intellect he
seem.

The sea became the voice of his long tragic strife,
The earth a flowered floor set for a sacred dance,

And the sun a golden tunnel pierced in the wall of
space,

Through which with tense will the intrepid spirit
might pass,

And, being consumed away, find on that further
side

The unbounded self of whom the fabled gods
were dreams.

CLIFFORD BAX.

KING DAVID

DAVID sang to his hooknosed harp:

“The Lord God is a jealous God!
His violent vengeance is swift and sharp!
And the Lord is King above all gods!

“Blest be the Lord, through years untold,
The Lord Who has blessed me a thousandfold!

“Cattle and concubines, corn and hives
Enough to last me a dozen lives.

“Plump, good women with noses flat,
Marrowful blessings, weighty and fat.

“I wax in His peace like a pious gourd,
The Lord God is a pleasant God,
Break mine enemy’s jaw, O Lord!
For the Lord is King above all gods!”

His hand dropped slack from the tunable strings,
A sorrow came on him — a sorrow of kings.

A sorrow sat on the arm of his throne,
An eagle sorrow with claws of stone.

“I am merry, yes, when I am not thinking,
But life is nothing but eating and drinking.

"I can shape my psalms like daggers of jade,
But they do not shine like the first I made.

"I can harry the heathen from North to South,
But no hot taste comes into my mouth.

"My wives are comely as long-haired goats,
But I would not care if they cut their throats!

"Where are the maids of the desert tents
With lips like flagons of frankincense?

"Where is Jonathan? Where is Saul?
The captain-towers of Zion wall?

"The trees of cedar, the hills of Nod,
The kings, the running lions of God?

"Their words were a writing in golden dust,
Their names are myrrh in the mouths of the just.

"The sword of the slayer could never divide
 them —
Would God I had died in battle beside them!"

The Lord looked down from a thunder-clap.

(The Lord God is a crafty God.)

He heard the strings of the shrewd harp snap,

(The Lord who is King above all gods.)

He pricked the king with an airy thorn,
It burnt in his body like grapes of scorn.

The eyelids roused that had drooped like lead.
David lifted his great, tired head.

The thorn stung at him, a fiery bee,
"The world is wide. I will go and see
From the roof of my haughty palace," said he.

II

Bathsheba bathed on her vine-decked roof.
(The Lord God is a mighty God.)
Her body glittered like mail of proof.
(And the Lord is King above all gods.)

Her body shimmered, tender and white
As the flesh of lilies in candlelight.

King David forgot to be old or wise.
He spied on her bathing with sultry eyes.

A breath of spice came into his nose.
He said, "Her breasts are like two young roes."

His eyes were bright with a crafty gleam.
He thought, "Her body is soft as cream."

He straightened himself like an unbent bow
And called a servant and bade him go.

III

Uriah the Hittite came to his lord,
Dusty with war as a well used sword.

A close, trim man like a belt, well-buckled;
A jealous gentleman, hard to cuckold.

David entreated him, soft and bland,
Offered him comfits from his own hand,

Drank with him deep till his eyes grew red,
And laughed in his beard as he went to bed.

The days slipped by without hurry or strife,
Like apple parings under a knife.
And still Uriah kept from his wife.

Lean fear tittered through David's psalm,
"This merry husband is far too calm!"

David sent for Uriah then;
They greeted each other like pious men.

"Thou hast borne the battle, the dust and the heat.
Go down to thy house and wash thy feet!"

Uriah frowned at the words of the king.
His brisk, hard voice had a leaden ring.

"While the hosts of God still camp in the field,
My house to me is a garden sealed.

"How shall I rest while the arrow yet flies?
The dust of the war is still in my eyes."

David spoke with his lion's roar.
"If Peace be a bridle that rubs you sore,
You shall fill your belly with blood and war!"

Uriah departed, calling him kind.
His eyes were serpents in David's mind.

He summoned a captain, a pliable man.
"Uriah the Hittite shall lead the van.

"In the next assault when the fight roars high,
And the Lord God is a hostile God,
Retire from Uriah that he may die.
For the Lord is King above all gods."

IV

The messenger came while King David played
The friskiest ditty ever made.

"News, O King, from our dubious war!
The Lord of Hosts hath prevailed once more!

"His foes are scattered like chirping sparrows,
Their kings lie breathless, feathered with arrows.

"Many are dead of your captains tall.
Uriah the Hittite was first to fall."

David turned from the frolicsome strings
And rent his clothes for the death of kings.

Yet, as he rent them, he smiled for joy,
The sly, wide smile of a wicked boy.

"The powerful grace of the Lord prevails!
He has cracked Uriah between His nails!

"His blessings are mighty, they shall not cease!
And my days henceforth shall be days of peace!"

His mind grew tranquil, smoother than fleece.
He rubbed his body with scented grease,
And his days thenceforward were days of peace.

His days were fair as the flowering lime
— For a little time, for a little time.

And Bathsheba lay in his breast like a dove,
A vessel of amber, made for love.

V

When Bathsheba was great with child,
(The Lord God is a jealous God!)
Portly and meek as a moon grown mild,
(The Lord is king above all gods!)

Nathan, the prophet, wry and dying,
Preached to the king like a locust crying:

"Hearken awhile to a doleful thing!
There were two men in thy land, O King!

"One was rich as a gilded ram.
One had one treasure, a poor ewe-lamb.

"Rich man wasted his wealth like spittle.
Poor man shared with his lamb spare victual.

"A traveler came to the rich man's door.
'Give me to eat, for I hunger sore!'

"Rich man feasted him fatly, true,
But the meat that he gave him was fiends' meat,
 too,
Stolen and roasted, the poor man's ewe!

"Hearken, my lord, to a deadly thing!
What shall be done with these men, O King?"

David hearkened, seeing it plain,
His heart grew heavy with angry pain:
"Show me the rich man, that he be slain!"

Nathan barked as a jackal can.
"Just, O King! And thou art the man!"

David rose as the thunders rise
When some one in Heaven is telling lies.
But his eyes were weaker than Nathan's eyes.

His huge bulk shivered like quaking sod,
Shoulders bowing to Nathan's rod,
Nathan, the bitter apple of God.

His great voice shook like a runner's, spent.
"My sin hath found me! Oh, I repent!"

Answered Nathan, that talkative Jew:
"For many great services, comely and true,
The Lord of Mercy shall pardon you.

"But the child in Bathsheba, come of your seed,
Shall sicken and die like a blasted weed!"

David groaned when he heard him speak.
The painful tears ran hot on his cheek.

Ashes he cast on his kingly locks.
All night long he lay on the rocks.

Beseeching his Lord with a howling cry:
"Oh Lord God, O my jealous God,
Be kind to the child that it may not die,
For thou art King above all gods!"

VI

Seven long nights he lay there, howling,
A lion wounded, moaning and growling.

Seven long midnights, sorrowing greatly,
While Sin, like a dead man, embraced him
 straitly.

Till he was abased from his lust and pride
And the child was born and sickened and died.

He rose at last. It was ruddy Day.
And his sin like water had washed away.

He cleansed and anointed, took fresh apparel,
And worshiped the Lord in a tuneful carol.

His servants, bearing the child to bury,
Marveled greatly to see him so merry.

He spoke to them mildly as mid-May weather:
"The child and my sin are perished together.

"He is dead, my son. Though his whole soul
 yearn to me,
I must go to him, he may not return to me.

"Why should I sorrow for what was pain?
A cherished grief is an iron chain."

He took up his harp, the sage old chief.
His heart felt clean as a new green leaf.

His soul smelt pleasant as rain-wet clover.
"I have sinned and repented and that's all over.

"In his dealings with heathen, the Lord is hard.
But the humble soul is his spikenard."

His wise thoughts fluttered like doves in the air.
"I wonder is Bathsheba still so fair?"

"Does she weep for the child that our sin made
perish?"

I must comfort my ewe-lamb, comfort and cherish.

"The justice of God is honey and balm.
I will soothe her heart with a little psalm."

He went to her chamber, no longer sad,
Walking as light as a shepherd lad.

He found her weeping, her garments rent,
Trodden like straw by God's punishment.
He solaced her out of his great content.

Being but a woman, a while she grieved,
But at last she was comforted, and conceived.

Nine months later she bore him a son.
(The Lord God is a mighty God!)

The name of that child was Solomon.
He was God's tough staff till his days were run!
And the Lord is King above all gods!)

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET.

MAGNETS

A far look in absorbed eyes, unaware
Of what some gazer thrills to gather there;
 A happy voice, singing to itself apart,
 That pulses new blood through a listener's heart;
Old fortitude; and, 'mid an hour of dread,
The scorn of all odds in a proud young head;—
 These are themselves, and being but what they
 are,
 Of others' praise or pity have no care,
Yet still are magnets to another's need.
Invisibly as wind, blowing stray seed,
 Life breathes on life, though ignorant what it
 brings,
 And spirit touches spirit on the strings
Where music is: courage from courage glows
In secret; shy powers to themselves unclose;
 And the most solitary hope, that gray
 Patience has sister'd, ripens far away
In young bosoms. Oh, we have failed and failed,
And never knew if we or the world ailed,
 Clouded and thwarted; yet perhaps the best
 Of all we do and dream of lives unguessed.

LAWRENCE BINYON.

WATER MOMENT

The silver eel slips through the waving weeds
And in the tunnelled shining stone recedes;
The earnest eye surveys the crystal pond
And guards the cave: the sweet shoals pass beyond.
The watery jewels that these have for eyes,
The tiger streaks of him that hindmost plies,
The red gold wings that smooth their daring paces,
The sunlight dancing about their airs and graces,
Burn that strange watcher's heart; then the sly
 brain
Speaks, all the dumb shoal shrieks, and by the
 stone
The silver death writhes with the chosen one.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

CITY GIRL

Beneath the barren artifice of red
That hides a fertile freshness on your face
I see the hypocritical embrace
Of courtesan and virgin, each in dread
Of yielding to the other, while your mouth
Reveals their secret of uneasiness.
Your mind has listened to a northern stress:
Your heart has heard old rumours from the South.
This conflict, with its plaintive undertones,
Is like an idle phantom to your soul
Whose clear aloofness sometimes sears your eyes.
The sensual games that move your youthful bones
Are still for moments, while the distant goal
Of whispering horizons lures your sighs.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

NOVISSIMA VERBA

(In memory of Francis Thompson)

“ . . . in all too late and frozen a day
I come in rearward of the throats of song,
Unto the deaf sense of an aged year,
Singing with doom upon me.”

—(*Anthem of Earth.*)

HERE laurel falls; here droops the high and holy
Palm, on so much sorrow and so much song;
Here's lotus bloom and secret root of moly
That to the wan well of thy wile belong:
The years are grown with grief, yet round thy
tomb

Strange shapes that scarred thy soul are stand-
ing still;
The lords of light beside the gods of gloom
Bear cypress casks wherein are leaves of
Ygdrasil.

For through thy heart the Zenith and the Nadir
Ran warrants hourly, down thy darkling blood
Where one deep to the other called and swayed her
In restless change that might not be withstood;
Thy spirit was that Ash of Life whose trunk
Charged with tempest spread his fiery boughs
Wide over heaven while his trifid-sunk
Root passed the portals nine of Hella's light-
less house.

I am thrall and thane of the stark primæval
forces,

Like those wild minstrels of the Asgard horde
Who held the winds and the hiltless watercourses
Till the storm came from the scabbard like a
sword;

Not unto them the Heights of Heaven leaned,
But hard upon the sun's heel and the moon's
Flapped the vast shadow of a formless fiend
Wherein they stood eclipsed and grimly grasped
their runes.

But thou, thy hand upon the neck of thunder,
And wreathed in the tossing mane of meteorites,
Forest gods ground on Earth's head down and
stunned her

With thy rocks, reaved from the Empyrean
Heights;
Yet would I for mine honour and this hour's,
Ere ever Night shut up in her dark lamp
My gusty torch, pluck thee those iron flowers
That blow but where the deathless hounds of
ruin ramp.

The hounds of ruin made *thy* life their mission,
For thee Jove donned his awful mail of sky,
Thou art the voice of that doom-dealing vision,
Thou art the riven road of wolves in cry;
Delphian priests devote, and dedicate,
Pursued the god, but thy god followed thee

With love, and lash, and hunger like a hate
And the bitter pains that deck with dew thy
poetry.

Bound arm that wore the chains like wings of
freedom!

Parched tongue that lolled upon the star-hung
vine!

Cracked lips whom Night hath laved now, and left
thee dumb

Slaking thy lean thirst with unhonied wine!

Now in the spring the sacred wood grows bare,

And at daybreak the Nine put darkness on

Because no more about the dim deaf air

In flame and music round, thy streaming blood
is blown.

How can cold Earth in her dank dungeon prison

Thy heart, the deep loud organ of thy soul

Who had put on ethereal condition

In those mild regions that enaureole,

Before their mortal change, the saints of song;

Death had not any secret thing to say

To her who, dying hourly all life long,

Made of our day her dark, and of our dark her
day?

Cold Earth can not in her dank dungeon straiten

Thy heart, the great burst organ of thy soul,

Though she disdainful flung it down for Satan

To wreck with rot, it baffled his control;
For like a sea-king, whom his empire flings
Hither and thither about his burial place,
Thou liest in the centre of all things,
Thy tomb the whole wide world that walks about
in space.

More radiant moons are floating by than any
That queened the skies before their slender wings
Touched thy deft wand; Apollo, from the rainy
Hyades soaring, handles mightier springs
Of fire and harmony; while Nature clad
In raiment sacerdotal from thy loom
Assumes a prouder port since when she had
Intrusted unto her the dear care of that tomb.

But we were old; nor all thy blood could quicken
Our veins too long at ease in fatal ice
Where, of false age, the flexile vessels thicken
That lead the rich red milk of Paradise;
Though both thy full hands unwithdrawing cast
Seeds on the wayside for the birds to break,
Though, sparing of thy spirit not, thou hast
Thrown down thy life for any man who will
to take.

Though he who will may know thee, where thou
starvest
A friendless wanderer yet, through frenzied
lands

That lift the grim manes of their scarlet harvest
Like serpents writhing in our palsied hands;
Thou art that image immemorial
Of old forgotten pain, and unborn woe,
The prophet stoned — the beggar in the hall
Rejected for the rags that cloak the god below.

Thou didst foresee, as many the mitred pagans
Who scourged the cowering States with Chris-
tian rods
Saw, scattered anarchs under Thors and Dagon
Banded to empires and their massive gods
With clash of sceptres yet, while tilth and town
Weltered in one smoking ocean
Whose roar was up, what time the sun went down
On a flood of ruin that was once the home of
Man.

Canst thou look down in pity and with pardon,
Scion in ancient line of saints and seers,
From the deep bower of some aërial garden
Held tenantless for thee by thy great peers
Against thy coming home, canst thou look down
Upon thy word's fulfilment, where our lead-
Lashed valley whitens into Acheron?
Canst thou do any ease in song unto our dead?

Thou wert not of our breath nor of our being,
Thy tongue not taught our speech, nor ever were
thine

Eyes set to any range within our seeing;
But a cymar of crystal hyaline
Mantled thy might, like those enronduring globes,
Storied in gold verse, that held the most high
Spirits arrayed in their auroral robes
And clad them as with cloud from mortal
scrutiny.

For when the steep and single Beam his trinal
Ray shoots brightening here in sound and flame
Through finite forms that wither in the final
Truth, Rarity and Beauty they proclaim,
Then, jealous of Himself, the Sacred Fire,
Not lavish of the immortalising light,
Himself unto Himself from his own pyre
Draws fairly in proud secret splendor home to
Height.

Saint of High Song, of Him thou dost inherit
Whom Height assumed from cross as thee from
curse —
In storm of death the straight White Star of Spirit
Who touched the wheeling wings of thy vast
verse;
For all thy dying ways wend whither went He
When Beauty walked across the world's dim
floor
Along the lanes of lack to lands of plenty
Beside the singing Streams of Life in Elenore.

And oh, that magical and starry measure
Wherein, dilated to a dome of power,
Thy soul bade Him deliver to thy pleasure
His bodiless bride to be thy paramour!
And when the black Sun his mystic ocean wounds,
And ghostly tongues that talk on wildernesses
Make monumental silence of all sounds
Thy phantom hand is groping for her phantom
tresses.

But who am I to brave that dread dominion
In zones our faint songs fear and fail to soar,
Uranian Eagle, towering on a pinion
Serener than the Swan of Avon bore?
I do but dare to touch thy tomb as one
Of those sad heathen priests in Asian night
Who made audacious offering to the sun
Of fire and fruit with faltering hand and veiled
sight.

F. V. BRANFORD.

WISTARIA

CLOUDS dream and disappear;
Waters dream in a rainbow and are gone;
Fire-dreams change with the sun
Or when a poppy closes;
But now is the time of year
For the dark earth, one by one,
To show her slower dreams. And nothing she
 has ever done
Has given more ease
To her perplexities
Than the dreaming of dreams like these:
Not irises,
Not any spear
Of lilies or cup of roses,
But these pale, purple images,
As if, from willows or from pepper trees,
Shadows were glimmering on Buddha's knees.

WITTER BYNNER.

FIRES

THE little fires that Nature lights —
The scilla's lamp, the daffodil —
She quenches, when of stormy nights
Her anger whips the hill.

The fires she lifts against the cloud —
The irised bow, the bearing tree —
She batters down with curses loud,
Nor cares that death should be.

The fires she kindles in the soul —
The poet's mood, the rebel's thought —
She cannot master, for their coal
In other mines is wrought.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

THE OLD SONG

(On the Embankment in stormy weather)

A livid sky on London
And like iron steeds that rear,
A shock of engines halted,
And I knew the end was near:
And something said that far away, over the hills
and far away,
There came a crawling thunder and the end of all
things here.
For London Bridge is broken down, broken down,
broken down,
As digging lets the daylight on the sunken streets
of yore,
The lightning looked on London town, the broken
bridge of London town,
The ending of a broken road where men shall go
no more.

I saw the kings of London town,
The kings that buy and sell,
That built it up with penny loaves
And penny lies as well:
And where the streets were paved with gold, the
shrivelled paper shone for gold,
The scorching light of promises that pave the
streets of hell.
For penny loaves will melt away, melt away, melt
away,

Mock the mean that haggled in the grain they did
not grow;
With hungry faces in the gate, a hundred thousand
in the gate,
A thunder-flash on London and the finding of the
foe.

I heard the hundred pin-makers
Slow down their racking din,
Till in the stillness men could hear
The dropping of the pin:
And somewhere men without the wall, beneath the
wood, without the wall,
Had found the place where London ends and Eng-
land can begin.
For pins and needles bend and break, bend and
break, bend and break,
Faster than the breaking spears or the bending of
the bow
Of pageants pale in thunder-light, 'twixt thunder
load and thunder-light,
The Hundreds marching on the hills in the wars of
long ago.

I saw great Cobbett riding,
The horseman of the shires;
And his face was red with judgment
And a light of Luddite fires:
And south to Sussex and the sea the lights leapt
up for liberty,

The trumpet of the yeomanry, the hammer of the
squires;
For bars of iron rust away, rust away, rust away,
Rend before the hammer and the horseman riding
in,
Crying that all men at the last, and at the worst
and at the last,
Have found the place where England ends and
England can begin.

His horse-hoofs go before you,
Far beyond your bursting tyres;
And time is bridged behind him
And our sons are with our sires.
A trailing meteor on the Downs he rides above the
rotting towns,
The Horseman of Apocalypse, the Rider of the
Shires.
For London Bridge is broken down, broken down,
broken down;
Blow the horn of Huntingdon from Scotland to the
sea —
. . . Only a flash of thunder light, a flying
dream of thunder-light,
Had shown under the shattered sky a people that
were free.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

ITALY

I READ of Italy the other night,
And the old longing welled up, the old pain.
I thought time had quelled it, every year
Slowing the pulsing blood of that desire,
Until there rested only in my heart
A quiet pool of colour — Italy!

But that security was false. Even so
A gusty passion may die down, and leave
The deep-branched forest-growth of love in silence,
For years no leaf atremble, not a sigh
In the hanging fronds; all in eternal stillness;
Sleep — sleep — in the twilight of the trees,
Until almost their origin and strength
Are half forgotten, so perfect do they stand,
So serene — the very world seems empty.

Then on a sudden there is heard, high up,
Over the furthest reaches of the wood,
Strange argument, and bandying of noise,
Voices of foliage, a myriad tongues
Loosened with fear, passing anxiety
Rapidly on, swiftly as flame, from bough to bough,
Until the trunks sway, and the mossy buttresses
Groan in the earth, and locked branches shriek —
Passion is loose again in the forest of love!

Ah! To tread Italian soil but once!
How does a lover feel, who, virgin-hearted,

And fed with romance of an earlier day,
Finds on a night of June a laughing girl
Fairer than all he dreamed of? How can he told
The lyric of his heart, when in response
To his importuning glances, he beholds
Her laughter subtilizing into shades
Matching the moonlight when its rays begin
To touch the fading daylight with a life
Strangely exterior, yet giving it
Magic for sleep, a soul to its extinction?
Such is the smile of Italy to me,
Coming across the waters from the South.

And should the June night aid him, would that
boy,
Drunken on warmth that lingers in the grass
And perfume of the seeded hay, heart-dazzled
By western lights that, sinking behind the trees,
Make them cuprous domes of secrecy
Where oracles lurk, batlike, in their gloom;
Would he have courage to approach her there,
Challenge that beacon of the setting sun
Deep in her eyes, touch the Cassandra bosom,
That fiery-cold and wondrous unexplored,
That valley of the mystery? Would he dare
Assault the darkness-fostering mouth, aspire
To deeper midnight glories, intimate joys
That should be a potion for youth, to change it
swiftly

With the drug called knowledge? And so, heart
to heart,
Should they upon the summer night find rest,
Sink into the silence, and be merged
In the sleep of the birds, the darkness before dawn,
And the sweet chill air that follows up the stars
As they fade from the eastern morning; should
those lovers
Wake then, and rise into the light of day,
Would they find the whole world changed about
them,
Fused, like their thoughts, in passion's vast
alembic,
And so made unified and crystalline,
Yet changed and terrible with beauty, glowing
clear,
The unforeseen life's mystery in the midst?

And should I come *thus* to Italy, to drink
Deep from her eyes, as Leonardo once
Drank from the Gioconda, and thenceforward
Go more secretly about the world,
Hugging a deeper wisdom in my heart,
And in my soul a never-dying love
Richer than its beloved — Italy?

RICHARD CHURCH.

EVENING

It is evening.

The mountains sit as impenetrable as Buddhas.

The light falls on their foreheads,

Leaving their quiet forms and vast robes in darkness.

The sky hangs drooping above their heads,

Like a canopy,

And the immense earth is awed beneath their feet.

Only the lowing of the cows and the calls of the
herd boys in the meadows

Come faintly to their ears.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

THE SHIP O'BED

WHEN I was young, I had a bed
That was no bed at all,
But a good great ship with seven masts
And seamen brown and tall.

Each seaman had a lantern white
To light us past the bars,
And all of them knew old sea songs,
And their eyes were full of stars.

The stars rolled millions overhead,
But seven were made fast,
The brightest and the best of all,
Upon each mighty mast.

Four Captains had my starry bed,
I named them in my prayer,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
With golden beards and hair.

But the Pilot, whom I loved the best
Because he called me *Sir*
And played the games I liked to play,
Was good Saint Christopher.

Out we broke our sails which seemed
Like patches that the moon
Makes upon a quiet floor
When crickets sing their tune.

And we were off to seek a Dame
Who would be kind to me
And turn each sailor's heart to gold,
The Lady of the Sea!

I think, she lived beyond the place
Where fish grow crowns of gold
And where there are so many tales
That all are never told.

The wind blew very wonderful
Throwing foam like snow,
Yet always let us hear the call
Of sea-chicks peeping low.

Out the yellow beards all flew
Of Matthew, Luke and John,
But Mark's flew longest of them all
And was coloured like the dawn.

The fish took wing and played about
Each opal sail and sang
Of goose-girls and currant-fruits
That on the bun-trees hang.

When flowers came above the waves
We knew the port was nigh;
We could see a silver town
Rising up hard by.

Down came our sails, each sailor bowed
And plucked his cap to me . . .
'Twas day, and there my Mother stood,
The Lady of the Sea!

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

THE DEER OF IRELAND

AN old man said, "I saw
The chief of the things that are gone;
A stag with head held high,
A doe, and a fawn;

"And they were the deer of Ireland
That scorned to breed within bound:
The last; they left no race
Tame on a pleasure ground.

"A stag, with his hide all rough
With the dew, and a doe and a fawn;
Near by, on their track on the mountain
I watched them, two and one,

"Down to the Shannon going—
Did its waters cease to flow,
When they passed, they that carried the swiftness,
And the pride of long ago?

"The last of the troop that had heard
Finn's and Oscar's cry;
A doe and a fawn, and before,
A stag with head held high!"

PADRAIC COLUM.

NIGHT PIECE

THE Pole, the Bear, and Cassiopeia,
So softly shining,
Dark heaven, dark world, to an exquisite dim
Defeat consigning,
Do turn by day away from from us, away from us
Their careless faces,
From our golden fire and the triumphs of time
As from time's disgraces.

We are but dew of their dawn, a commodious dew
That life engenders,
Of death and its dark mysterious fears
Getters and spenders,
Whose spirit seeks the wooing air, that wooing air
On heaven reclining
With the Pole, the Bear, and Cassiopeia,
Endlessly shining.

A. E. COPPARD.

EPSTEIN'S "CHRIST"

O risen Christ,
Cast in sober bronze,
Hard, austere your face,
Heart-deep reproach graven thereon.
You have lived in vain —
Died in vain —
But Judas left his silver
To be invested in perpetuity
For your eternal betrayal
And men's unceasing mockery.
They who crucified you
And watched your misery on the cross,
That was to be for Barabbas —
Let off because he was their brother —
How can these Pharisees,
These money-changers,
Driven by your fierce lashings
From sacred places,
Now endure your image,
To recall to their memories
What they have done to you
That awesome night at Golgotha,
When, looking down from the cross,
You encountered a swarm of gargoyle faces,
Distorted with the joy of devils,
And you cried to God your Father:
"O why hast Thou forsaken me?"

And now you are risen again,
Brought to life in bronze,
By one who comprehends your words
And would not have them pass away;
So poured them into this hard and matchless
mould.

And pious Caiaphas, turned critic,
Even in priest's garb, comes and mocks,
And forgetting the gargoyles of the Goths,
Cries, "What blasphemy!
If only Torquemada lived
To use the thumb screw and the rack
On this most bold Jew,
Who again has resurrected you!"
When you were flesh and blood,
You were crucified by men,
And now they taunt your effigy,
This changeless shape of bronze,
Which cannot be crucified nor burnt,
Nor its gesture forgot,
That seems to say:
"Here are pearls — pearls —
Pearls are not for swine —
But here they are —
Out of Father's charity —
And look at my poor, gashed hand:
Who takes the pearls
Must take the nails, too!"

JOHN CURNOS.

POEM

nobody loses all the time

i had an uncle named
Sol who was a born failure and
nearly everybody said he should have gone
into vaudeville perhaps because my Uncle Sol
could
sing McCann He Was A Diver on Xmas Eve like
Hell Itself which
may or may not account for the fact that my
Uncle

Sol indulged in that possibly most inexcusable
of all to use a highfalootin phrase
luxuries that is or to
wit farming and be
it needlessly
added

my Uncle Sol's farm
failed because the chickens
ate the vegetables so
my Uncle Sol had a
chicken farm till the
skunks ate the chickens when

my Uncle Sol
had a skunk farm but
the skunks caught cold and

died and so
my Uncle Sol imitated the
skunks in a subtle manner

or by drowning himself in the watertank
but somebody who'd given my Uncle Sol a Victor
Victrola and records while he lived presented to
him upon the auspicious occasion of his decease a
scrumptious not to mention splendiferous funeral
with

tall boys in black gloves and flowers and every-
thing and

i remember we all cried like the Missouri
when my Uncle Sol's coffin lurched because
somebody pressed a button
(and down went
my Uncle
Sol

and started a worm farm)

E. E. CUMMINGS.

SONNET

THE sand is scored by print of unknown feet
Where seas are hollow, tenanted by sound;
The air is empty save where two wings beat
In fruitless journeying — deep underground
Brood the eternal things, but in the street
No whisper comes of these, no word is found.
See now these berries dark upon a hedge,
Hard as black withered blood drawn long ago,
Whose pain is frozen dry; a cloudy edge
Joins heaven to the fields, pale lapwings go
Whining above the heath, and floods are out
Over the meadows clasped in frigid lace
Of wintry avenues, ringed and fenced about
His life was a place like this, just such a place.
NANCY CUNARD.

AT ITHACA

OVER and back,
the long waves crawl
and track the sand with foam;
night darkens, and the sea
takes on that desperate tone
of dark that wives put on
when all their love is done.

Over and back,
the tangled thread falls slack,
over and up and on;
over and all is sewn;
now while I bind the end,
I wish some fiery friend
would sweep impetuously
these fingers from the loom.

My weary thoughts
play traitor to my soul,
just as the toil is over;
swift while the woof is whole,
turn now, my spirit, swift,
and tear the pattern there,
the flowers so deftly wrought,
the border of sea blue,
the sea-blue coast of home.

The web was over-fair,
that web of pictures there,

enchantments that I thought
he had, that I had lost;
weaving his happiness
within the stitching frame,
weaving his fire and fame,
I thought my work was done,
I prayed that only one
of those that I had spurned
might stoop and conquer this
long waiting with a kiss.

But each time that I see
my work so beautifully
inwoven and would keep
the picture and the whole,
Athene steels my soul.
Slanting across my brain,
I see as shafts of rain
his chariots and his shafts,
I see the arrows fall,
I see my Lord who moves
like Hector lord of love,
I see him matched with fair
bright rivals, and I see
those lesser rivals flee.

H. D.

CENTAUR SONG

Now that the day is done,
now that the night creeps soft,
and dims the chestnut-clusters'
radiant spike of flower,
O sweet, till dawn
break through the branches
of our orchard garden,
rest in this shelter
of the osier-wood and thorn.

They fall,
the apple-flowers;
nor softer grace has Aphrodite
in the heaven afar,
nor at so fair a pace
open the flower-petals
as your face bends down,
while, breath on breath,
your mouth wanders
from my mouth o'er my face.

What have I left
to bring you in this place,
already sweet with violets?
(those you brought
with swathes of earliest grass,
forest and meadow balm,
flung from your giant arms
for us to rest upon.)

Fair are these petals
broken by your feet;
your horse's hooves
tread softer than a deer's;
your eyes, startled,
are like the deer eyes,
while your heart
trembles more than the deer.

O earth, O God,
O forest, stream, or river,
what shall I bring
that all the day hold back,
that Dawn remember love
and rest upon her bed,
and Zeus, forgetful not of Danæ or Maia,
bid the stars shine forever?

H. D.

THE WIDOW

GRIEF hath now pacified her face;
Even hope might share so still a place;
Yet, on the silence of her heart,
Haply, if a strange footfall start,
Or a chance word of ecstasy
Cry through dim cloistered memory,
Into her eyes her soul will steal
To gaze into the irrevocable —
As if death had not power to keep
One who had loved her long asleep.

Now all things lovely she looks on
Seem lovely in oblivion;
And all things mute what shall not be
Richer than any melody.
Her narrow hands, like birds that make
A nest for some old instinct's sake,
Have hollowed a refuge for her face —
A narrow and a quiet place —
Where, far from the world's light, she may
See clearer what is passed away.

And only little children know
Through what dark gates her smile may go.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

MEGALOSAURUS

A MONSTER like a mountain, leathern limbed,
With eyes of sluggish ore and claws of stone,
He heaved his thunder-throated body, rimmed
By marsh fires human eyes have never known.
A monolith carved out of savage night,
He hid in his impenetrable hide
Muscle and blood, and nerves to sense delight
And agony that tore him when he died.

The clumsy terror of his frame has gone
The way of his blind, simple savagery.
Out of his casual bones men build the dawn
That bore and bred such brutish game as he.
But still endures his dull, confounding shape:
In wars of the wise offspring of the ape.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

THE TOWN RABBIT IN THE COUNTRY

THREE hours ago in Seven Dials
She lived awaiting all the trials
That haunt her race, but now shall be
Freed on the lawn to play with me.

In the dim shop her eyes were grey
And languid; but in this bright day
To a full circle each dilates,
And turns the blue of Worcester plates
In the unaccustomed sun; she stares
At strange fresh leaves; the passing airs,
Outstretching from her box's brink,
She gulps as if her nose could drink.

Now o'er the edge she scrambles slow,
Too pleased to know which way to go —
Half dazed with pleasure she explores
This sunny, eatable out-of-doors.

Then shakes and tosses up her ears
Like plumes upon bold cavaliers —
The dust flies out as catherine-wheels
Throw sparks as round she twirls and reels —
Her spine it quivers like an eel's —
Over her head she flings her heels,
Comes down askew, then waltzes till
She must reverse or else feel ill —
Reverses, then lies down and pants

As one who has no further wants,
Staring with half-believing eyes
Like souls that wake in Paradise.

CAMILLA DOYLE.

EMPEROR T'ANG — SKEPTIC

CLOSER than my body's shadow
Follows the blind nameless One,
Carrying in his tightened, yellow fist
Time, the thin spluttering candle,
And in his swollen cheeks
Death, the grey wind.
So fill and refill my deep, golden horn
With the strongest wine,
O wise men of China,
Before declaiming in magnificent verse
My immortality,
That I may nod,
My eyes glittering with dreams,
And believe —

PAUL ELDRIDGE.

SAYS LIFE OF YOUTH

I MUST take this beautiful thing and break it;
It is time I began;
I shall make a better thing of it,
But nothing so beautiful!

— Nothing so beautiful as Youth
Starting at the sting of a lash,
Cheeks bright, chin high, back taut, eyes ablaze,
Outraged, betrayed, incredulous of pain,
Of whips, of thorn-rods, in a world of gold,
Reaching superbly for the whip to break it!

I must take this beautiful thing and break it,
It is time I began;
I shall make a better thing of it,
But nothing so beautiful.

Nothing so beautiful, alas,
As Youth tasting the whip;
Nothing so beautiful, alas, alas,
As Youth first bitten by the thorn!

ABBIE HUSTON EVANS.

FROM "FIVE SERENADES"

SERENADE IN FIRELIGHT

SIT here where I could touch your hand
If that should be my sudden will:
Among the shadows where we wait
I shall not stir.

Sit here where I could feel your lips
If they should breathe the faintest sound:
As the slow-moving midnight slips
I ask no speech.

Sit here where I could lay my head
Wearily down upon your knees:
I shall sit upright as I watch
The tangled fire.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

SERENADE AT NOONDAY

I do not love you, no, nor all your beauty,
Nor have I fear of your so delicate magics:
I only love the silence that around you
Makes a low twilight.

Yet I desire that thunderous storms of passion
For all I am should surge and clamour through
 you —
Scattering your follies and your delicate secrets —
Shaking your twilight.

That like a temple bell across the darkness
I should forever echo in your spirit,
With tones of legend and of high disaster
Haunting your silence.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

PRAYERS

I

LET the wind come,
And cover our feet with the sands of seven deserts;
Let strong breezes rise,
Washing our ears with the far-off sounds of the
foam.
Let there be between our faces
Green turf and a branch or two of back-tossed
trees.
Set firmly over questioning hearts
The deep unquenchable answers of the wind.

II

Let the rain beat in our faces
As we go out on the great quest for life;
Let it blind our eyes with bitter tears,
Tears of the fury of pain.
Let us bear great heavy rains, plodding
Over the furrows of unploughed earth;
For only through long bitterness freely spoken
Can new life come to be, for other men.

III

Let our bodies run laughing in the sunlight,
And sleep under the soft blanket of the stars;
Let us imitate in our movements

The carelessness of trees
That clothe themselves in their fierce glory
Of bud and leaf, that boldly display their flowers:
Let us go forth in the day, clad in our might like
 mountains,
To return bearing upon our foreheads the final
 kiss of the night.

IV

Let us bear rich heavy harvests,
Fruits of experience that hang long
In the garden of life in the evening,
Inviting eager lips and eyes,
Yet let us always be children —
Let butterfly moments find us playing;
Let us learn the lesson of the flowers that give to
 the sun
Their petals and their scent.

V

Let the dark king who will crown us
Be welcomed with a kindly smile;
Let him sit beside us in our room,
A friend to whom we give unspoken thoughts,
Death, we will make you but one offering only —
It is enough, you will not need any more:
All of our lives you have waited patiently;
Come, then, and take from us this failing breath.

VI

Let us know the love that destroys us,
And the love that sets us free;
Let us pledge to the god who in darkness
Rises up from his time-walled tomb.
Let love be helpless as a child,
That we may shield it with pity;
Let love be a terrible sword of flame to smite
 through our souls,
Darkening our sight, that we may hold no honor.

VII

God of the gods of earth,
Pour down on us dark wisdom,
That we may speak what is needed for our kind;
And, for the rest, keep silence.
Flame-tortured pulse of power,
That fades too soon in darkness,
Give wisdom and the light
That reconciles.

VIII

Let it not cease —
This great storm in which we
Are held here an instant:
Let it go on, be complete.
Let it end its task of destruction
In fierce mad flashes of lightning,

In drums of thunder, scrolls of flame.
Since we unreasonably seek
A bitterer laughter, a more sacred joy of tears,
Let there be conflict,
Even to the last.

IX

Let us be hard,
As a great jagged stone
That keeps the thought of a star.
Let us hate cleanly;
For since love without hatred
Is the fire that fails and is scattered,
Let our hate spur our love
To scale every steep that leads up from the last
abyss.

X

Though we must perish,
Let there be renewal;
Let life go on
Somewhere, and just the same —
Tragic and absurd,
With a worn-out hope for its garment.
Let life be fettered with chains of pain and death,
Because we long to break them.

XI

Let there be eternal good,
And let there also be eternal evil;

Cloud about the mountain peak,
Fallen morning star.
Let us seek the one,
And find dark consolation in the other;
So shall we mount
On wings of pain, suffering, and hunger,
Straight up to where eternity
In music shall enfold us.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

JUDGMENT

I WISH my ghost might serve as a juryman,
One of a passive body come to hear
The cause of Life—the fruit against the plan—
Plead by the living, could they but speak clear.
There would be murky tales, grim case on case,
A witness here would show his heart of gall,
And Beauty would look out with starry face,
And Pain would sit secure against the wall.

I wonder then, if I being free and done
With agony and sweat, should cast my vote
For Life—remembering passion and the sun
On warming clay, the spring wind at my throat;
Or if I'd look at Pain and wink an eye
And of an old grudge, vote to let Life die?

HORTENSE FLEXNER.

PLAINT

I HAVE sought Emptiness
I have found God
Seeking sweet Emptiness
Found God

*Lord let me alone
You have brought yourself upon me
You have brought weariness upon me
Let me alone Lord*

I have left the City
I have left Love
There beyond my shoulder swarms the City
There beyond my heart
 Love pulls with her white hands
 With her white hands tears me tears me
 Bloody — tears bloody all the world
 Beyond her white hands

I have come to empty hills above an empty sea
Seeking Emptiness
Finding God

*Lord let me alone
You thrust yourself upon me
You lay weariness upon me
Let me alone Lord*

I have dwelt among dead men — dead women
They come alive
I have lain in a barren hill
It leaps it rocks
I have floated upon still waters
 My face flooded with empty sky
 My limbs viced in shrill wet
And the waters fling me to the sun
And the sun sucks me

Let me alone Lord
Lord let me alone

I have gone deep in the waters
And my blood was aflame
Pouring about my heart
Now sun

I have shut the door and shut the window
Blackness clasps me thick in my white bed
The sheets are black my eyes are space blank
 black

Let me alone Lord
Let me float away

And my room is a chattering Inn
My sleep is a Marketplace
 My sleep is a City
 My dream is Love
 I am God

*Let me alone Lord
Can't you let me alone*

I have made love to Emptiness
I have said Nay to Love
I find only God

*Come therefore Lord
Lead me now gently
Unto Thy mountain*

WALDO FRANK.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

WHOSE woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

The little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

ROBERT FROST.

AN EPILOGUE

GHOSTS of my fathers, while you keep
On ghostly hills your ghostly sheep,
If for a moment you should turn
The pages of this book, to learn
What trade your offspring's taken to,
Because my exiled heart is true
To your Northumbrian fells and you,
Forgive me that my flocks and herds
Are only barren bleating words.

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON.

EARTH AND SEA

IT does me good to see the ships
Back safely from the deep sea main;
To see the slender mizzen tips
And all the ropes that stood the strain;

To hear the old men shout, "Ahoy!"
Glad-hearted at the journey done,
Who fix the favourite to the buoy
Of sea and wind and moon and sun;

To meet, when sails are lashed to spars,
The men for whom earth's free from care,
And heaven a clock with certain stars,
And hell a word by which to swear.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY.

BEEES IN PEACH BLOSSOM

(*For J. B. Y.*)

THE buzzing of the drowsy bees

Doth now my springtime sense confuse.

Now am I lapped in summer. These

Convene a garden Muse.

Once by a hedge of hollyhocks

She passed, twining her sleepy hair.

The lizards in the tufted rocks

Made sly green lightnings there.

The shades of cypresses were thrown

Down the green mirrors of her lawns,

Her fountains rimmed with Parian stone

Were crowned by bronzen fawns.

Bees were bells and bells bees,

Each told the noon from his own towers

While this sweet lady snowed my knees

With petals of all flowers.

Not from one land only they came,

But from the summer of each land,

Flower of ice and flower of flame,

Rock, marsh, moorland, sand.

By hollyhocks and asphodels,

She vowed she'd come again. Her vow

Was a pale noise of bees and bells.

— I saw her not till now. LOUIS GOLDING.

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS

(IN THEIR GENERATION WISER THAN THE
CHILDREN OF LIGHT)

WE spurred our parents to the kiss
Though doubtfully they shrank from this —
Day had no courage to review
What lusty dark alone might do —
Then we were joined from their caress
In the heat of midnight, one from two.

This night-seed knew no discontent,
In certitude his changings went;
Though there were veils about his face,
With forethought, even in that pent place,
Down towards the light his way he bent
To kingdoms of more ample space.

Was day prime error, that regret
For darkness roars unstified yet?
That in this freedom, by faith won,
Only acts of doubt are done?
That unveiled eyes with tears are wet,
They loathe to gaze upon the sun?

ROBERT GRAVES.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN TELLS OF A FAMOUS MEETING

UNKNOWN to each other, in a hostile camp —
Spies of two empire nations unallied —
These heroes met, princes of East and West,
Over a ragged pack of cards by chance.
Never believe what credulous annalists
Record you in good faith of that encounter —
I was there myself, East's man, and witnessed all.
In the main camp of the Middle Kingdom's army,
At a soldiers' mess, shortly before retreat,
East, a pretended trooper, stepping in,
Glanced round the room, shortly discerning West
Who sat dejected at a corner table.
East, moved by curiosity or compassion,
Pulled out his cards and offered West the cut;
Which West, disguised as a travelling ballad-man,
Took and cut. They played together then
For half an hour or more; then went their ways.

Never believe such credulous annalists
As tell you West, for sign of recognition —
Greatness to greatness, wit to dexterous wit —
With a slight of magic most extraordinary
Altered the duty on his ace of Spades,
Making threepence three-halfpence; East, it's said
For a fantastic sly acknowledgment
While his grave eyes betokened no surprise,
Made magic too; presto, the knave of Hearts

Nims the queen's rose and cocks it in his cap
Furtively, so that only West remarked it.
But such was not the fact; contrariwise,
When Proteus meets with Proteus each annuls
The variability of the other's mind:
Single they stand, casting their mutable cloaks.
So for this present chance I take my oath
That, leaning across and watching the cards close,
I caught no hint of prestidigitation.

Never believe approved biographers
Who'll show a sequence of the games then played,
Explaining that the minds of these two princes
Were of such subtlety and such nimbleness
That whipperginny, on the fall of a card,
Changed to bezique or cribbage or piquet,
Euchre or pinochle, then back once more;
Each comprehending, with no signal shown,
The opposing fancies of the other's mind.
It's said spectators of this play grew dazed —
They turned away, thinking the gamesters drunk.
But I, who sat there watching, keeping score,
Say they observed the rules of but one game —
The whole bout, playing neither well nor ill
But slowly, with their thoughts in other channels,
Serene and passionless like wooden men.

Neither believe those elegant essayists
Who reconstruct the princes' conversation
From grotesque fabrics of their own vain brains.

I only know that East gave West a nod,
Asking him careless questions about trade;
West gave the latest rumors from the front —
Raising sieges, plots and pillages.
He told a camp-fire yarn to amuse the soldiers,
Whereat they all laughed emptily (East laughed
too);

He sang a few staves of the latest catch,
And pulling out his roll of rhymes unfurled it,
Ballads and songs measured by the yard-rule.
But do not trust the elegant essayists
Who'd have you swallow all they care to tell
Of the riddling speech in painful *double-entendre*
That West and East juggled across the cards —
So intricate, so exquisitely resolved
In polished antithetical periods,
That by comparison, as you must believe,
Solomon himself faced with the Queen of Sheba,
And Bishop Such preaching before the King,
Joined in one person, would have seemed mere
trash.

I give my testimony beyond refutation,
Nailing the lie for all who ask the truth.

Pay no heed to those vagabond dramatists
Who, to present this meeting on the stage,
Would make my prince, stealthily drawing out
A golden quill and stabbing his arm for blood,
Scratch on a vellum slip some hasty sentence
And pass it under the table; which West signs

With *his* blood, so the treaty's made between them
All unobserved, and two far nations wedded
While enemy soldiers loll, yawning, around.
I was there myself, I say; seeing everything
Truly, this is what passed: that East, regarding
West with a steady look and knowing him well,
For an instant let the heavy soldier-mask —
Light up with joy, and his eyes shoot out mirth.
West then knew East, checked, and misdealt the
cards;

Nothing at all was said, on went the game.
But East bought from West's bag of ballads, after,
Two somber histories, and some songs for dancing.

Also distrust those allegorical
Painters who, treating of this famous scene,
Are used to splash the skies with lurching
cupids —
Goddesses with loose hair, and broad-cheeked
zephyrs.

They burnish up the soldiers' breastplate steel,
Rusted with languor of their long campaign,
Giving them buskins and tall plumes to wear;
While hard by, in a wanton imagery,
Aquatic Triton thunders on his conch
And Satyrs gape from behind neighboring trees.
I, who was there lolling in my shirt sleeves,
Felt no divinity brooding in that mess,
For human splendor gave the gods rebuff.
Do not believe them, seem they never so wise,

Credibly posted with all new research —
Those elegant essayists, vagabond dramatists,
Authentic and approved biographers,
Solemn annalists, allegorical
Painters, each one misleading or misled.
One thing is true: that of all the sights I have seen
In any quarter of this world of men,
By night, by day, in court, field, tavern or barn,
That was the noblest, East encountering West,
Their silent undertsanding and restraint,
Meeting and parting, like the kings they were,
With plain indifference to all circumstance;
Saying no goodbye, no hand-clasp and no tears,
But letting speech between them fade away
In casual murmurs and half-compliments;
East sauntering out for fresh intelligence,
And West shuffling away, not looking back;
Though each knew well that this chance meeting
stood
For turning movement of world history.
And I? I trembled, knowing these things must be.

ROBERT GRAVES.

THE RETURN

DEATH, kindly eager to pretend

Himself my servant in the land of spears,
Humble allegiance at the end

Broke where the homeward track your castle
nears,

Let his white steed before my red steed press,
And rapt you from me into quietness.

ROBERT GRAVES.

EPITAPH ON A VAGABOND

CARELESS I lived, accepting day by day
The lavish benison of sun and rain,
Watching the changing seasons pass away
And come again.

Now the great harvester has stilled my breath;
In this cold house I neither hear nor see.
Though in my life I never thought of death,
Death thought of me.

ALEXANDER GRAY.

EPHEMERA

THERE is a woman who makes my eye
A place of shadows, as now and then
I see her dimly going by,
And faintly coming back again.

She moves as many others move;
There is no utterance in her tread
To tempt an echo, nor to prove
What other footsteps have not said.

As often as she comes and goes
She is forgotten, as now and then
The wind is forgotten until it blows
A blur of dust down the street again.

HAZEL HALL.

ONCE MORE THE MOON

SHE follows still in vain. Her constant breath
Still moves the sea. Once more she mounts the
sky.

Blind to all life, impatient of all birth,
Sure of the end, and all things passing by,
She sits, and holds above the restless earth
Her mirror, bright with an eternal death.

DAVID OSBORNE HAMILTON.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN
ABOUT TO BE HANGED

FAIR and capable one of our race,
Posing there in your gown of grace,
Plain yet becoming;
Could subtlest breast
Ever have guessed
What was behind that innocent face,
Drumming, drumming!

Would that your Causer, ere knoll your knell
For this riot of passion, might deign to tell
Why, since It made you
Good in the germ,
It sent a worm
To madden Its handiwork, when It might well
Not have assayed you,

Not have implanted, to your deep rue,
The Clytaemestra spirit in you,
And with purblind vision
Sowed a tare
In a garden fair,
And a thing of symmetry to the view
Brought to derision.

THOMAS HARDY.

January 6, 1923.

THE MISSEL THRUSH

I HEARD by night the missel thrush,
A storm cock of the combe,
In downlands where the dark cries hush
Through trees of ancient gloom,
When a new moon of winter gales
Makes heaven's offing shine
For startled hollows, as she sails —
The thirteenth of her line.

There the pale singer of the flood,
From out his valleyed shade,
Sings of wild branches in his blood
December storms allayed —
Wild branches wilder skies appease
With broken light to lend
Like a new moon ashine in seas
Where time shall sink and end.

JOHN HELSTON.

CHAPTER HEADING

FOR we have thought the longer thoughts
And gone the shorter way.

And we have danced to devils' tunes
Shivering home to pray;

To serve one master in the night,
Another in the day.

ERNEST M. HEMINGWAY.

SKY LINE

A WORKMAN climbed a lofty tower,
None beside him being able;
Gripped and struggled half an hour
Binding up a broken cable;
Paused to glimpse the toy-house town,
Spat, swung outward, and came down.

PRESCOTT HOARD.

BADCOMBE FAIR: NIGHT

THE new moon was two nights away,
The sun was two hours down,
And all the starless heavens were grey
Above the fire-lit town.

The fair-folk mustered at the booths,
The boozers at the inns,
And lasses in the lanes with youths
Lay down to share their sins.

I watched two out into the night;
And after, without haste,
Saw, when the street had spent its light,
His arm go round her waist;

Where lamps were none, and windows few
And the glare of the town grew dim,
I saw, together as they drew,
Her face go up to him.

They turned into the hawthorn way,
And, where thick boughs could hide,
While two at love a-kissing lay,
Another crept beside;

And where four arms went each about,
And four lips fondly pressed,
Another arm came reaching out,
And a knife did the rest.

The dog's death struck into his heart,
Too quick for sound or cry;
Atween the sweetness and the smart
Of a kiss I felt him die:

In, in beneath the shoulder blade,
And out, out through the lung;
Into her breast where's head was laid
Red blood ran from his tongue.

Then softly I got up and slow
Crept off, ere she began
To guess the truth; and left her so,
In the arms of her dead man.

The new moon was two nights away,
The sun two hours was down,
And all the starless heavens were grey
Above the fire-lit town.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

A DEAD WARRIOR

HERE sown to dust lies one that drave
The furrow through his heart;
Now, of the fields he died to save
His own dust forms a part.

Where went the tramp of martial feet,
The blare of trumpets loud,
Comes silence with her winding sheet,
And shadow with her shroud.

His mind no longer counsel takes,
No sword his hand need draw,
Across whose borders peace now makes
Inviolable law.

So, with distraction round him stilled,
Now let him be content!
And time from age to age shall build
His standing monument.

Not here, where strife, and greed, and lust
Grind up the bones of men;
But in that safe and secret dust
Which shall not rise again.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

LOVER'S REPLY TO GOOD ADVICE

COULD you bid an acorn
When in earth it heaves
On Time's backward wing be borne
To forgotten leaves:
Could you quiet Noah's Flood
To an essence rare
Or bid the roaring wind
Confine in his lair:

Could round iron shell
When the spark was in it
Hold powder so well
That it never split:
Had you reins for the sun,
And curb, and spur,
Held you God in a net
So He might not stir:

Then might you take this thing,
Then strangle it, kill!
By weighing, considering,
Conform it to will!
Like Christ's self condemn it,
Revile, mock, betray:
But being seed — wind — God —
It bears all away!

RICHARD HUGHES.

ADVERTISEMENT

WE want a man of forty for the job.
One who has enjoyed his little fill of romance.
And suffered intermittent indigestion ever since.
One whose memories are sufficiently cold
 successfully to resist the embraces of truancy.
To whom a mountain
 no longer looms an ideal
 to scramble up and tumble down,
 but is an actual thing made of stone
 bristling with multitudinous edges
 to bark one's shins or break one's neck upon.
To whom a lake or a river
 or other body of water
 no longer entices the search for one's likeness
 (we only ask a man to be himself
 and not go diving after phantoms),
 but is a place one might readily drown in,
 one's muscles no longer quite what they were.
Who has achieved
 that ultimate disillusionment:
 not to be able to differentiate
 the respective features, limbs or what not
 of his whilom Graces and Gwendolyns,
 or if he could wouldn't want to,
 would devote the rest of his days to a desk
 piled sky high with ledgers and cash books:
Such a man would be certain to stick,
We want such a man for the job.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

TRUCK DRIVERS

(For Carl Sandburg)

WHAT the hell?

There's no what the hell about it —

nor a what the heaven either —

but a sort of a what the earth,
what the street, what the gutter!

Shut up? — shut up yourself!

There are plenty of things in this town
to get a fellow's goat

without you and me jawing each other —
you up there, me down here:

such corns as you have, you have on your seat,
not on your feet, like me!

This gutter's wide enough for two.

What with you, fatter than a whale,

and your horse and your truck

only half the gutter wide —

that's if you three

keep the curbs parallel —

but you're a whole gutter wide

when you three try to turn,

twist and make angles, like kids on a slate —

that's what started our trouble — not me!

Me, trying to get across —

me, kind of blind and awfully skimpy —

what's called a rhymester —

skimpy from lack of food

and cold from being skimpy —

so I've got to go along
with my chin down my collar —
you can't expect me to see you?
You're no truck driver —
you've got a seat like a king —
you can view the whole world —
you get a much bigger wage than I —
I get nothing!
You're not only higher up
as a thing on a street,
you're much higher up on a job —
it's not me that's talking down —
it's you and your what the hell!
Leave your words up there —
I'll chuck mine down a sewer —
and come down yourself —
to the level of four feet on one sidewalk —
though there aren't any drinks these days —
come down and shake hands —
let that be our drink!
Eh? — I'm a scab? —
a lot you know about that! —
I've got a truck of my own
you can't see — nor anybody else —
nor me for that matter!
Cracked? — don't fool yourself! —
my truck's a damned sight
bigger and heavier and slower than yours —
you can see yours, but I can't see mine —
and you're only the driver of yours —

I'm not only the driver of mine,
but the driven —
horse and truck —
tired head, tail, bones —
tired reins, harness, wheels, shafts, axles,
spokes, splinters, nails, screws, grease and all!
And you get paid
for the sweat of your chum —
me and mine hate each other —
soak each other —
flicks and cuts and lashes and blows —
and I get no dollars and he no oats!
You've got a chum —
though he's only a tongue-tied horse,
spavined, thin-legged, woe-begone, weary —
little more than a nag with long jaws
that can't even wag, what the hell —
but even a bag of bones,
if you live with it and it with you,
is that much better than hoofing alone!
I've got no chum —
it's myself my nag drags along —
me soaking him where the brute is nearest
and he soaking me in the spot called dearest —
and me soaking back and him soaking back
till rhyme and reason and the daylight crack!
You don't get me? —
and I don't get you —
so for Christ's sake,
come down and let's try! —

son of a what? — of a bee's wax? —
that'll do — so are you!
Eh? — you're coming? —
to bust me in the nose? —
little blood you'd spill out of me! —
not to bust it? — thanks! — what then? —
to shake? — with me? — hallelujah!
Don't hurry — step easy — you're big —
that wheel crooked and wobbly —
we've got lots of time to shake —
the rest of eternity! —
and climbing's no cinch —
down worse than up! —
you so fat
from sitting all day, every day,
all week, every week, all year, every year —
lack of locomotion — sedentary avoirdupois —
don't look round — don't mind me — you'll fall —
long words — they're my trade — that's all!
Are you down? — great! —
the king's abdicated! —
hey! — where are you going? —
I'll take back that word? —
eh? — the nag? — Oh! —
but what do you want with him? —
say! — don't tie the nag to that pump —
no, nor the lamp post — nor the ash can!
Do you think he'll run away? —
him with a load like that? —
if it weren't for the shafts,

wouldn't that head-to-tail carcass
sit down, lie down, rather than run?
If he did — suppose he could,
would he get very far? —
wouldn't somebody stop him? —
there's always someone to grab one's freedom —
especially a nag's!
You get that? — what's that?
Hello? Hello yourself!
Shake? Shake yourself!
How the hell am I?
How the hell are you?
Damn it — let go —
where'd you get that grip?
Holding reins?
Wish I'd get a grip like that —
holding pencils!
Eh? You don't get that?
Well — what the hell!

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

THE DAYTIME MOON

THE passing of a cloud, it seems;
A fragment of the stuff of dreams,
That spectre of the morning sky —
An immateriality;
A ghost of gossamer silveriness,
A flounce flown from a fairy's dress,
A casual shadow lifted there
To point the radiance of the air.
A spectral vagrant of the sky,
The prisoner of immensity,
And lonely! — Ah! there nowhere is
A greater loneliness than this.
In that vast azure dome to be
The only actuality;
And yet so trivial, transient, slight,
As barely to reflect the light —
That touch, that hint, of featheriness
Would nothing be if it were less —
The glimmering show of next-to-nought,
The visual echo of a thought —

Frail challenger of the blaze of noon,
Wandering, wonderful morning moon!

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE EVENING LAND

O AMERICA,

The sun sets in you!

Are you the grave of our day?

Shall I come to you, the open tomb of my race?

I would come, if I felt my hour had struck;

I would rather you came to me.

For that matter,

Mahomet never went to any mountain

Save it had first approached him and cajoled his
soul.

You have cajoled the souls of millions of us,

America —

Why won't you cajole my soul?

I wish you would.

I confess I am afraid of you.

The catastrophe of your exaggerate love,

You who never find yourself in love

But only lose yourself further, decomposing.

You who never recover, out of the orgasm of
loving,

Your pristine isolate integrity, lost æons ago,

Your singleness within the universe.

You who in loving break down,
And break further and further down
Your bounds of isolation,
But who never rise, resurrected, from this grave of
 mingling,
In a new proud singleness, America.

Your more-than-European idealism,
Like a be-aureoled, bleached skeleton hovering
Its cage-ribs in the social heaven, beneficent.

And then your single resurrection
Into machine-uprisen perfect man.

Even the winged skeleton of your bleached ideal
Is not so frightening as that clean smooth
Automaton of your uprisen self,
Machine American.

Do you wonder that I am afraid to come
And answer the first machine-cut question from
 the lips of your iron men? —
Put the first cents into metallic fingers of your
 officers,
And sit beside the steel-straight arms of your fair
 women,
American?

I am so terrified, America,
Of the solid click of your human contact;

And after this
The winding-sheet of your selfless ideal love —
Boundless love,
Like a poison gas.

Does no one realize that love should be intense,
Not boundless?
This boundless love is like the bad smell
Of something gone wrong in the middle —
All this philanthropy and benevolence on the other
people's behalf
Just a bad smell.

Yet, America,
Your elvishness,
Your New England uncanniness,
Your western brutal faery quality.

My soul is half-cajoled, half-cajoled.

Something in you which carries me beyond,
Yankee, Yankee —
What we call human —
Carries me where I want to be carried.

What does it matter
What we call human, and what we don't call
human?
The rose would smell as sweet.
And to be limited by a mere word is to be less

than a hopping flea, which hops over such an
obstruction at his first jump.

Your horrible, skeleton, aureoled ideal;
Your weird, bright, perfect, productive mechan-
ism —

Two spectres.

But moreover,
A dark unfathomed wistfulness, utterly un-Jewish;
A grave stoic endurance, non-European;
An ultimate fearlessness, un-African;
An irrational generosity, non-Oriental.

The strange unaccustomed geste of your elvish,
New World nature
Glimpsed now and then.

Nobody knows you;
You don't know yourself.
And I, who am half in love with you,
What am I in love with? —
My own imaginings?

Say it is not so.

Say, through the branches,
America, America,
Of all your machines;
Say, in the deep sockets of your idealistic skull —

Dark aboriginal eyes,
Stoic, able to wait through ages,
Glancing.

Say, in the sound of all your machines
And white words, white-wash American —
Deep pulsing of a strange heart,
New throb, like a stirring under the false dawn
that precedes the real.

Nascent American,
Elvish, lurking among the undergrowth
Of many-stemmed machines and chimneys that
smoke like pine-trees.

Dark faery,
Modern, unissued, instinctive America,
Your nascent faery people
Lurking among the deeps of your industrial
thicket,
Allure me till I am beside myself,
A nympholept.

“These States!” as Whitman said —
Whatever he meant!

D. H. LAWRENCE.

THE MOUNTAIN CAT

Inscribed to Stephen Graham

Some words
about singing
this song,
Are written this
border along.

I read the aspens like a book, and every leaf was
signed.

And I climbed above the aspen grove to read what
I could find.

On Mount Clinton, Colorado, I met a mountain
cat.

I will call him "Andrew Jackson," and I mean no
harm by that.

He was growling, and devouring a terrific moun-
tain rat.

But when the feast was ended, the mountain cat
was kind,

And showed a pretty smile, and spoke his mind.

"I am dreaming of old Boston," he said, and
wiped his jaws.

"I have often *heard* of Boston," and he folded in
his paws.

"Boston, Massachusetts — a mountain bold and
great.

I will tell you all about it, if you care to curl
and wait.

If I cannot sing
in the aspens'
tongue,
If I know not
what they say,
Then I have
never gone to
school,
And have
wasted all my
day.

"In the Boston of my beauty sleep, when storm
flowers

Are in bloom,

The faithful cats go creeping through the catnip
ferns,

And gloom,
And pounce upon the Boston rats, and drag them
to the tomb.

For we are Tom-policemen, vigilant and sure.
We keep the Back Bay ditches and potato cellars
pure.

Apples are not bitten into, cheese is let alone.
Sweet corn is left upon the cob, and the beef left
on the bone.

Every Sunday morning, the Pilgrims give us cod-
fish balls,

Because we keep the poisonous rats from the Boston
halls."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm
and flat.

"I have never seen, in the famous Hub, suppression
of the rat."

"*So much the worse for Boston,*" said the whiskery
mountain cat.

And the cat continued his great dream, closing one
shrewd eye;

"The Tower-of-Babel cactus blazes above the sky.
Fangs and sabres guard the buds and crimson fruits
on high.

Yet cactus-eating eagles and black hawks hum
through the air.

When the pigeons weep in Copley Square, look up,
those wings are there,

Come let us
whisper of men
and beasts,
And joke as
the aspens do,
And yet be
solemn in their
way,
And tell our
thoughts all
summer
through,
In the morning
In the frost,
And in the
midnight dew.

Proud Yankee birds of prey, overshadowing the
land,
Screaming to younger Yankees of the self-same
brand,
Whose talk is like the American flag, snapping on
the summit pole,
Sky-rocket and star-spangled words, round sun-
flower words, they use them whole.

There are no tailors in command, men seem like
trees in honest leaves,
Their clothes are but their bark and hide, and sod
and binding for their sheaves.
Men are as the shocks of corn, as natural as alfalfa
fields.

And no one yields to purse or badge, only to
sweating manhood yields,
To natural authority, to wisdom straight from the
new sun.

Who is the bull-god of the herd? The strongest
and the shaggiest one.

Or if they preen at all, they preen with Walter
Raleigh's gracious pride:—

The forest-ranger! One grand show! With gun
and spade slung at his side!

Up on the dizzy timber-line, arbiter of life and fate.
Where sacred frost shines all the year, and freezing
bee and moss-flower mate.

“Boston is tough country, and the ranger rides with
death,

The mountain-
cat seems
violent,
And of no good
intent.
Yet read his
words so
gently.
No bird will
leave its tree.
No child will
hate the simper
or the noise,
And hurry
away from you
and me.
Read like a
meditative,
cat-like willow-
tree.

Some words
about singing
this song,
Are scattered
this border
along.

Plunges to stop the forest fire against the black
 smoke's breath,
 Buries the cattle killed by eating larkspur lush and
 blue,
 Shoots the calf thieves, lumber thieves, and gets
 train robbers too.
 Governor and sheriff obey his ordering hand
 Following his ostrich plume across the amber sand.
 "But often, for lone days he goes, exploring cliffs
 afar,
 And chants his King James' Bible to tarantula and
 star.
 I hear him read Egyptian tales, as he rides by, in
 the dawn.
 I am sometimes an Egyptian cat. My crudities are
 gone.
 He spells, in Greek, that Homer, as he hurries
 on alone.
 I hear him scan at Virgil, as I hide behind a stone.
 He has kept me fond of Hawthorne, and Thoreau,
 cold and wise,
 The silvery waves of Walden Pond gleam in a
 bobcat's eyes.
 He has taught us grateful beasts to sing, like
 Orpheus of old.
 The Boston forest ranger brings back the Age of
 Gold."
 And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and
 flat.

Read like the
 Mariposa with
 the stately
 stem,
 With green-
 jade leaves
 like ripples and
 like waves,
 And white-
 jade petals
 Smooth as
 foam can be —
 The Mariposa
 lily,
 that is leaning
 upon the
 young-
 stream's hem,
 Speaking
 grandly to that
 larger flower
 That grows
 down t'ward
 the sea,
 Hour after
 hour hunting
 for the Pacific
 storms and
 caves.

“I have never heard, in the cultured Hub, of rowdy men like that.”

“*So much the worse for Boston,*” said the Rocky Mountain cat.

And the cat purred on, in his great dream, as one who seeks the noblest ends:—

“Higher than the Back Bay whales, that spout and leap, and bite their friends,

Higher than those Moby-Dicks, the Boston lover’s-trail ascends.

Higher than the Methodist, or Unitarian spire,

Beyond the range of any fence of boulder or barbed wire

Telling to each other what the Boston boys have done,

The lodge-pole pines go towering to the timber line and sun.

And their whisper stirs love’s fury in each pantherish girl-child,

Till she dresses like a columbine, or a bleeding heart gone wild.

Like a hare-bell, golden aster, blue-bell, Indian arrow,

Blue-jay, squirrel, meadow-lark, loco, mountain-sparrow.

Mayflower, sage brush, dying swan, they court in disarray.

The masquerade in Love’s hot name is like a forest play.

Some words
about singing
this song,
Are scattered
this border
along.
Sing like the
Mariposa to
the stream
that seeks the
sea,
Speak like that
flower,
With still
Olympian
jest,
And cup-like
word
Filling the
hour.

And she is held in worship who adores the noblest
boys.

So miner lovers bring her new amazing pets and
toys.

Mewing, prowling hunters bring her grizzlies in
chains.

Ranchers bring red apples through the silver rains.
In the mountain of my beauty sleep, when storm
flowers

Are in bloom,

The Boston of my beauty sleep, when storm flowers
Are in bloom.

There are just such naked waterfalls, as are roaring
there below.

For the springs of Boston Common are from price-
less summer snow.

Serene the wind-cleared Boston peaks, and there
white rabbits run

Like funny giant snow flakes, hopping in the
sun.

The ptarmigan will leap and fly, and clutter through
the drift

And the baby ptarmigans 'peep, peep,' when the
weasel eyelids lift.

And where the pools are still and deep, dwarf
willows see themselves

And the Boston Mariposas bend, like mirror-kissing
elves.

White is the gypsum cliff, and white the snow-
bird's warm, deep-feathered home,

White are the cottonwood and birch, white is the
fountain-foam.

“In the waterfalls from the sunburnt cliffs, the bold
nymphs leap and shriek,
The wrath of the water makes them fight, its kisses
make them weak.
With shoulders hot with sunburn, with bodies rose
and white,
And streaming curls like sunrise rays, or curls like
flags of night,
Flowing to their dancing feet, circling them in
storm,
And their adorers glory in each lean, Ionic form.
Oh the hearts of women, then set free. They live
the life of old
That chickadees and bobcats sing, the famous Age
of Gold —
They sleep and star-gaze on the grass, their red-
ore camp-fires shine,
Like heaps of unset rubies spilled on velvet super-
fine.
And love of man and maid is when the granite
weds the snow-white stream.
The ranch house bursts with babies. In the wood
lot deep eyes gleam,
Buffalo children, barking wolves, fuming cinnamon
bears.
Human mustangs kick the paint from the breakfast-
table chairs.”

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.

"I have never heard, in the modest Hub, of a stock ill-bred as that."

"So much the worse for Boston," said the lecherous mountain cat.

And the cat continued with the dream, as the snow blew round in drifts.

"The caves beneath the craggy sides of Boston hold tremendous gifts

For many youths that enter there, and lift up every stone that lifts.

They wander in, and wander on, finding all new things they can,

Some forms of jade or chrysoprase, more rare than radium for man.

And the burro trains, to fetch the loot, are jolly fool parades.

The burros flap their ears and bray, and take the steepest grades.

Or loaded with long mining drills, and railroad rails, and boards for flumes,

Up Beacon Hill with fossil bats, swine bones from geologic tombs.

Or loaded with cliff mummies of lost dwellers of the land.

Explorers' yells and bridle bells sound above the sand.

“In the desert of my beauty sleep, when rain flowers
Will not bloom,
In the Boston of my beauty sleep, when storms
Will not bloom,
By Bunker Hill’s tall obelisk, till the August sun
awakes
I brood and stalk blue shadows, and my mad heart
breaks.
Thoughts of a hunt unutterable ring the obelisk
around.
And a thousand glorious sphinxes spring, singing,
from the ground,
Very white young Salem witches ride them down
the west.
The gravel makes a flat, lone track, the eye has
endless rest.
Fair girls and beasts charge, dreaming, through the
salt-sand white as snow,
Hunting the three-toed pony, while mysterious
slaughters flow.
Oh the empty Spanish Missions, where the bells
ring without hand,
As we drive the shadowy dinosaurs and mammoths
through the sand.”

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and
flat.

“I have never seen, in the sun-kissed Hub, circuses
like that.”

"So much the worse for you, my cub," said the
slant-eyed mountain cat.

And the cat continued with his yarn, while I stood
there marvelling:

"I here proclaim that I am not a vague, an abstract
thing.

I like to eat the turkey-leg, the lamb, the chicken-
wing.

Yet the cat that knows not fasting, the cat that knows
not dream,

That has not drunk dim mammoth-blood from the
long-dead desert stream,

That has not rolled in the alkali-encrusted pits of
bones

By the sabre-toothed white tiger's cave, where he
kicked the ancient stones,

Has not known sacred Boston. Our gods are burn-
ing ore.

Our Colorado gods are the stars of heaven's
floor.

But the god of Massachusetts is a tiger they adore.

"From that sabre-tooth's ghost-purring goes the
whispered word of power

In the sunset, in the moonlight, in the purple
sunrise hour:

That an Indian chief is born, in a tepee, to the
west,

That a school of rattlesnakes is rattling, on the
mountain's breast,

That an opal has been grubbed from the ground
by a mole.
That a bumble bee has found a new way to save
his soul.
In Egyptian granite Boston, the rumour has gone
round
That new ways to tame the whirlwind have been
marvellously found.
That a Balanced Rock has fallen, that a battle has
been won
In the soul of the some young touch-me-not, some
tigerish Emerson."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm
and flat.
"Boston people do not read their Emerson like
that."
"*So much the worse for Boston,*" said the self-
reliant cat.

Then I saw the cat there towering, like a cat cut
from a hill:
A prophet-beast of Nature's law, staring with stony
will,
Pacing on the icy top, then stretched in drowsy
thought,
Then, listening, on tiptoe, to the voice the snow-
wind brought,
Tearing at the fire-killed pine trees, kittenish again,

Then speaking like a lion, long made president of
men:

“There are such holy plains and streams, there are
such sky-arched spaces,

There are life-long trails for private lives, and endless
whispering places.

Range is so wide there is not room for lust and
poison breath

And flesh may walk in Eden, forgetting shame and
death.”

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm
and flat:

“I have never heard, in Boston, of anything like
that.”

“Boston is peculiar.

Boston is mysterious.

You do not know your Boston,” said the wise, fastidious cat,

And turned again to lick the skull of his prey, the
mountain rat!

And at that, he broke off his wild dream of a perfect
human race.

And I walked down to the aspen grove where is
neither time nor place,

Nor measurement, nor space, except that grass has
room

And aspen leaves whisper on forever in their grace.

All day they watch along the banks. All night the
perfume goes
From the mariposa's chalice to the marble moun-
tain-rose,
In the Boston of their beauty sleep, when storm
flowers
Are in bloom,
In the mystery of their beauty sleep, when storm
flowers
Are in bloom.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

EASEL PICTURE: DECORATION DAY

SHE is a washer-woman most of the time,
But today she is a widow.
Important distinction, which warrants a plaintive
manner
And her best black bombasine.
To be sure, she is only a plain widow,
And her husband was a drunkard who ill-treated her.
But she never forgets that it is owing to him that
she ranks third in the cemetery,
Next to the war-widows and gold-starred mothers.
She regrets that he did not enlist
Instead of lying about his age and dying coldly of
pneumonia,
Until she reflects that he might have returned from
overseas and beaten her according to custom.
The thought purges her of envy, and she sprinkles
woebegone contented tears
On the bell-glass of artificial flowers she lays on
his grave;
It is a beautiful offering and has been much
admired.
With a blissful sense of bereavement, she bows her
head over the bell-glass,
Then rises to totter to the gate on the arm of a
friend who has offered to give her a lift home.
In her attic room, she carefully folds the bombasine,
Whispering to herself: "It was a beautiful Deco-
ration Day."

AMY LOWELL.

THE WHITE MAN'S DREAMS

By his clay-daubed wall, that is silver bright
In the wash of the white moonbeams,
Where the dark of his door is wide to the night,
The lonely white man dreams.

Where the moon is broad on the forest way
And the black men go and come,
The tribes that trouble the white man's day
Dance to the beaten drum.

To the ceaseless drum, and the broken call,
And the shout, and the storm of sound,
They dance and are dark, and they trample all
Their shadows, dark on the ground.

The dream that the white man waits — alas! —
It is a thing so slight;
If these are the ways by which it must pass,
How may it pass to-night?

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE.

WORLDS

I HAVE known or seen all the worlds of this world,
And some of the worlds of the world to come;
And I say to you that every world lives to itself,
And is known to itself alone,
Though it moves among the other worlds of this
world.

I was in a hospital and given up to die —
That is one of the worlds.
I had turned blue,
And they moved me to the charity ward of the
dying —
And that is one of the worlds.
They had screens around us,
So that we could not see each other die;
But they had no way to shut out from each of us
The cries, and prayers of the others.
Next me was a little woman they called butter
ball —
She was yellow from cancer
And had been cut to death by the surgeons.
She cried all night, she died at dawn,
Just as I began to mend.

There is the world of the internes making love to
the nurses.
And the world of the surgeons hurrying to dinners
And the applause of learned societies.

And the world of their children at school, or in
play,
Ignorant of what it means to be learned and notable,
And to be the children of such men.
There is the world of the policeman who walks by
The hospital at night.
And the world of the taxi-drivers,
Who never see the hospital as they rush past.
There is the world of the man and the woman in
the taxi,
Kissing each other in anticipation of the place of
assignation.
There is the world of the train crew
Who make up the limited back of the hospital;
And the world of travelers, happy or anxious,
Going or coming.
And this day there was for myself
This world of getting well,
With its meaning and its happiness
Ungessed by the world of the well.
And my eyes were opened to the worlds
By suffering, and coming from that world
Of the charity ward of the dying.
And I saw that there is the world of a merchant;
And the world of a judge;
And the world of a legislator, or a president;
And the world of a rich man,
And the world of a poor man;
And the world of a defeated man,
And the world of a victorious man;

And the world of a ruling nation,
And the world of a people who are ruled;
And the world of a servant, a laborer;
And the world of a master, and a user;
And the world of passion;
And the world of love;
And the world of envy;
And the world of hate;
And the world of strife;
And the world of convicts,
And those condemned to death.
And the world of war and warriors;
And the world of the young,
And the world of the old;
And the world of desire unceasing,
And the world of desire that is dead;
And the world of those who see God,
And the world of those who see Him not;
And the world of the faithful, the hopeful;
And the world of doubters, and the hopeless.
And the world of those who have loneliness forever;
And the world of those who ease loneliness
With futile activity;
And the world of those who seek truth, and find
it not;
And the world of those who never give up
In the search for beauty.
And the world of those to whom the world is
harmonious sound.

And the world of those to whom the world is
atoms or stars.

And the world of those to whom the world is
a machine;

And the world of those to whom the world is
life.

And the world of those to whom the world is
an infinite mass

To be carved as the will wills;

And the world of those to whom the world is
chaos;

And the world of those to whom the world is
memory;

And the world of those to whom the world is
regret;

And the world of those entangled in subtle horrors,
And eaten minute by minute by thoughts that die
not;

And the world of those who front and touch
The mystery of closing and suffocating horizons
And the beleaguering Infinite

With brows of sentinel and armed thought,
Standing at the heights and the Thermopolæ of
life,

Even to the hour of surprise from the plains
By Death, the Persian.

And I saw that every soul is a world to itself,
Making its own murmurous music night and day,
And having its realest world in itself,
And knowing none of the other worlds.

And what worlds beyond our world
Know our world of worlds?
All worlds of this world, and all worlds,
May be but the world of the mind of God,
Of which He is not conscious Himself,
Unless He chooses to think of them.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

THE WANDERER

OUT of the railroad eating house
Comes a lean brown man,
And putting down his pack
Sits smoking a cigarette.
The glow lights up his sensitive Voltaire face
Gazing moodily out on the trail:
The blue patches under his eyes
Show that he has not slept;
It is evident that he has not long to live
And that he knows it.
He will die sooner if he smokes cigarettes,
And that is the reason why he is smoking one.

BEULAH MAY.

“RIVERS UNKNOWN TO SONG”

—*James Thompson.*

WIDE waters in the waste; or, out of reach,
Rough Alpine falls where late a glacier hung;
Or rivers groping for an alien beach,
Through continents, unsung.

Nay, not these nameless, these remote, alone;
But all the streams from all the watersheds —
Peneus, Danube, Nile — are the unknown,
Young in their ancient beds.

Man has no tale for them. Oh! travelers swift
From secrets to oblivion! Waters wild
That pass in act to bend a flower or lift
The bright limbs of a child!

For they are new, they are fresh; there's no sur-
prise
Like theirs on earth. Oh, strange forevermore!
This moment's Tiber with his shining eyes
Never saw Rome before.

Man has no word for their eternity —
Rhine, Avon, Arno, younglings, youth uncrowned!
Ignorant, innocent, instantaneous, free,
Unwelcomed, unrenowned.

ALICE MEYNELL.

MICROCOSMOS

THE brown-faced nurse has murmured something
unintelligible

And is clucking distressedly.

She is apparently perturbed because I have not
eaten my dinner.

Deprecatingly she takes from the chair by my bed
The heavy plate of liver and rice which I have not
touched.

She turns the rice with a slow-moving fork
And gently proffers a brown chunk of liver cased
in congealing gravy.

I raise myself in the bed

And hold up my mouth.

But the stitch in my wound is pricking me,

And the smell of the liver makes me sick.

Through the wall beside me

Penetrates the sound of sobbing

From the sergeant's wife whose baby

Is dead.

"Memsahib cry," the brown-faced nurse is mur-
muring.

"Memsahib cry, cry, cry — all the day,
All the night.

Memsahib never smiles; only cry.

Memsahib not happy. No."

As she moves away

Her kind eyes are filled with tenderness

And with deep and impotent pity
For the sobbing woman.

Carrying on her fore arm a minute bundle,
The Sister enters.
She has brought for my inspection a brown baby.
Aged twenty minutes.
She tells me that his child mother
Has died.
The baby clenches frail and infinitesimal fists,
And makes vague movements with pale curled feet.
His unseeing eyes stare through the Sister's pity-
wrenched face.
She speaks rapidly and a little brusquely,
Fearing lest her voice should sound blurred by
emotion.
Now she has thrown me a quick jest
And is gone.

From across the compound
Creeps a child,
Naked and inevitable.
She squats on the verandah near my bed,
And surveys me with patient eyes.
I fold my hands upon the bed-clothes
And watch her,
Patient too.
Her utterances, which are many,
Are wholly unintelligible to me.
Around her neck yellow marigolds

Dangle in rich beauty.
She holds them out, proudly:
And babbles, proudly.
Now she has ceased to hold out
The marigolds.
She is pointing,
Apparently with equal pride,
To the sores on her little body,
And she is babbling
Of them.

And while I listen to her unintelligible babble,
As she displays now her marigolds,
Now her sores,
Her little voice becomes for me
The voice of the unintelligible universe,
Beautiful and appalling.

SUSAN MILES.

NEVER MAY THE FRUIT BE PLUCKED

NEVER, never may the fruit be plucked from the
bough

And gathered into barrels.

He that would eat of love must eat it where it hangs.

Though the branches bend like reeds,

Though the ripe fruit splash in the grass or wrinkle
on the tree,

He that would eat of love may bear away with him

Only what his belly can hold,

Nothing in the apron,

Nothing in the pockets.

Never, never may the fruit be gathered from the
bough

And harvested in barrels.

The winter of love is a cellar of empty bins,

In an orchard soft with rot.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

LUNA

Too soon the sunset comes; too soon

Opens the night its curious eyes,
Greedy to watch the maiden moon
Unloose her silver draperies

And walk upon the star-flowered fields.

Her cloudy garments one by one
To waiting winds she slowly yields,
And now, her last disrobing done,

Flashes lithe limbs across the sky
And flaunts the cold and slender grace
Of unconcerned virginity.

O now before her smiling face

A thousand rivers, lakes and seas
Hold up their mirrors to her gaze:
A thousand moonlets there she sees
Float on a thousand starry ways.

Beneath her footfall light and free
The peeping star flowers shake and fall;
Cold as her watery mirrors, she
Drinks admiration from them all.

In them her nakedness she views,
In love with her own limbs displayed,
And through the wondering night pursues
Her strange unreasonable parade.

GERALD MILLER.

ON THE TRAIN

I

THE lady in front of me in the car,
With little red coils close over her ears,
Is talking with her friend;
And the circle of ostrich foam around her hat,
Curving over like a wave,
Trembles with her little windy words.
What she is saying, I wonder,
That her feathers should tremble
And the soft fur of her coat should slip down over
her shoulders?
Has her string of pearls been stolen,
Or maybe her husband?

II

He is drunk, that man —
Drunk as a lord, a lord of the bibulous past.
He shouts wittily from his end of the car to the
man in the corner;
He bows to me with chivalrous apologies.
He philosophizes, plays with the wisdom of the
ages,
Flings off his rags,
Displays his naked soul —
Athletic, beautiful, grotesque.
In the good time coming,
When men drink no more,
Shall we never see a nude soul dancing

Stript and free
In the temple of his god?

III

She comes smiling into the car
With iridescent bubbles of children.
She blooms in the close plush seats
Like a narcissus in a bowl of stones.
She croons to a baby in her lap —
The trees come swinging by to listen,
And the electric lights in the ceiling are stars.

HARRIET MONROE.

THE SLEEPER

Night. O heavy breather in the surf of sleep,
What is that strange and rosy slenderness
You hold against your heart with so much
tenderness?

The Sleeper. It is my wife I hold —
I love her more than life,
She has hair of bronze and gold,
And in twin strands divides it;
It lies across her bosom surplice-wise.
This I know to be true though darkness hides
it.

Night. Now all things false dissolve beneath the
moon!
This is a sheaf of whispering dreams you hold,
Bound by the tawny sinews of your arm.
They nod together with plumes of bronze and
gold,
They breathe and are warm;
They speak together in a sibilant tune.

The Sleeper. It is my own wife.
Her mouth, that is merry and wise,
Is shut; and the lids are shut that cover
Her faithful eyes.

Night. A sheaf of dreams — hush!

The First Dream. She is untrue,
Brother and brother!
This one is new —
Where is the other?

The Second Dream. I hear men say
He had ceased to love her.
Even today
His voice can move her.

The Third Dream. I have seen her tremble
When she meets his eyes.
She is deft with lies,
She is quick to dissemble.

The Fourth Dream. How is this done,
Brother and brother,
To sleep with one
And dream of another?

Night. A sheaf of dreams, of dreams . . .

The Sleeper. My wife.
My wife.

JESSICA NELSON NORTH.

EVENTS

THE Queen of Egypt yawned and frowned
And twisted all her rings around,
Her thoughts were still, her pulse was slow
While kings and courtiers bowed below.
Upon a gem-encrusted throne
The Queen of Egypt sat alone,
Hating her sterile gorgeous land,
When, suddenly, against her hand,
Between two curves of tortoise-shell,
A sulky little rain drop fell.
The queen threw back her head and stared,
And on her brow the lightning flared —

As Tristan and Isolde lay,
Dreaming their happiness away
Within the forest quiet-boughed
A thrush came in a morning cloud.
And through the foliage of an oak
A silver fountain rose and broke,
Quivering leaves that drooped afar,
Still drowsing with the night's last star.
Embracing shadows grew estranged,
The dreaming of the dreamers changed;
The thrush sang on and Tristan slept,
But sad Isolde woke and wept.

Napoleon turned his horse about
And down the steepest path set out,

Letting the horse go on alone,
Picking its way from stone to stone.
The trees stood leafless on the hill,
The puddles in the clay lay still.
Napoleon set his gaze below;
The west was streaked with afterglow.
They struck the highway — up its side
The horse, without a warning, shied —
In scarlet water on the road,
Still as a sea-rock, sat a toad.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

THE FAIR

THE fair is a fight; some are fighting for gain;
Some fighting for pleasure and some to cheat pain;
But that squinting old hag, with a voice like a
knife

And a tray of wire spiders — she's fighting for life.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

WEDDED

AN amber-breasted thrush upon a thorn
Made glad the wind-swept lea
With mellow melody,
To hearten buds and stars and little leaves unborn.

He sang and loved and sang, that throstle blest,
Till from the ivy-tod
His wife cried, "O my God,
Do stop your noise and help with this here dratted
nest!"

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

A SOPHISTRY OF LOVE

FOOL! Argumentative in love; denying
Flesh with a neat particular disquisition,
"I love, I love not." Troubled when she comes,
Who should by fable so rejoice and quicken,
So talk, so play the child, he's heard a mile off.
Mark what a fool he shows. He'll sit and sigh,
Reach out a hand and draw it back, look piteous,
Laughably piteous, and laugh to look so.
"Take it I love," he'll say; then pause, deliver
A sigh to shake a mountain, pucker his brow,
And train the whole artillery of woe.
"Take this for token — I with brooding thought
Annul the difference of hours; forget
All intercourse and action; reckon sums
In pints and gallons; watch blue-bellied insects
Climbing a window; start from a dream and cry
'Dear love, dear love.' Take it for truth I love you.
There's yet some hate between us, or some devil.
We keep reserve, as any country girl
With a too civil stranger; thrust and parry
And long most bitterly to throw down arms.
They tell of happy lovers, Aucassin,
Philemon, or Cophetua: they lie.
Such men are poor lewd spirits, their big passions
Are coarse; by flattery of hands or words
They lull themselves asleep — and that's no love.
For love's a combat in the wilderness.
No two communicate in love. No two

But curse each other hotly and go clean mad.”
No wonder at this wooing she grows vague,
Large-eyed, a little tearful. He, distracted
By this pale grief, himself comes near to crying.
Some how the world’s amiss. They grope in
phrases
To cure the fault, fall silent soon, and part.

ALAN PORTER.

SUNDOWN IN AMERICA

INTO the town sunset of Wyoming's desert past an
Indian chief's grave
Rides a consumptive cowboy whistling a jazz com-
posed by a Galician Jew in Brooklyn;
In a galvanized shack in the olive grove a rouge-
lipped Italian girl
Is noisily pulling the last sheet out of her type-
writer;
Two negroes are walking from the docks in
Baltimore
Talking about a meeting of the Knights of Pythias;
On a farm in Kansas a small towheaded boy bap-
tized Johann
Is peering from the threshold toward the telegraph
poles for his daddy's Ford car;
The calling of newsboys — the jangle and bellowing
of the cows —
The toot of endless horns — the rasping of crick-
ets —
The rush hour on the subways and trollies — the
piping of the sun-weary birds —
The rise of the evening star above a forest on Lake
Superior,
Little merchants pompously switching on electric
display lights,
The clatter of dishes — the stamping of fly-ridden
horses while unharnessed;

Young girls chattering hurriedly, powder their
faces in dressing rooms of department stores;
On the darkened heights of Pike's Peak the moun-
tain flowers huddle to sleep before the cold;
On a straggling fishing boat off Nantucket
A man is looking at the comics of last Sunday's
Boston newspaper;
On the outskirts of Mt. Rainier a man lying in
an underbrush,
Is breaking the law aiming his gun at a solitary
antler;
On a porch of a boarding house of Santa Barbara
a bobbed-haired, middle-aged novelist
Is reading a love letter from a college boy and
smoking a cigarette;
A toy train full of Hungarian miners is puffing into
a filthy company-owned town;
In a store of Omaha a hesitating Bohemian farmer
is examining a phonograph;
On a lonely sandbar of the Atlantic a flock of
snipes is dashing through the shallows —
It is sundown in America.

CHARLES RECHT.

MEN, WOMEN, AND WORDS

CHLORINDA, in the slipping gown,
Unblushingly parades her soul
For clinical inspection as
Example of the Sapphic rôle;

While Doris shudders gracefully
And droops against the man in black,
Confessing that she marvels at
His length of limb and breadth of back.

(Dear Doris: so ingenuous!
Emotionally so sincere!)
The man in black is wholly charmed,
And lends a firm, hedonic ear.

Repression is the moment's theme:
Gerald holds forth on Œdipus
And mentions dire catastrophes
That tastes of his may bring to us.

If we attempt to circumvent
Our fateful Attic heritage—
Wadding his argument around
With splendid Freudian verbiage.

The slim young man against the wall,
With pretty blushes epicene,
Evokes the shade of Socrates,
And lectures from the fire-screen.

Close by him sits Elizabeth,
Her pale hands bluely rectinerved:
Example virginal and wan
Of bunkered fuel too long reserved.

Elizabeth bewails her fate
With frankness not quite unafraid:
The room is tenderly inclined,
But no Satyros proffers aid.

And so from hand to eager hand
The facile ball of talk is sped.
One waits for, misses, and laments
The absent lover of the dead.

Black was the Hellespont those nights
When, for a priestess of Sestos,
Leander slipped into the flood
From the still town of Abydos.

What theories sustained his stroke
When all the world was overcast,
And Freud and Jung still humbly lurked
In unexpressed spermatoblast?

Did Orestes and Pylades,
While camping by their Grecian streams,
Exchange, interpret and set down
The revelations of their dreams?

Sappho, Jocasta, Œdipus —

Your names go round the room tonight,
Illumined by our modern blaze
Of psychoanalytic light.

We pity you your sightless years,
And celebrate our learned day:
But Doris and the man in black,
With ancient wisdom, steal away.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

TERMINOLOGY

TREES have been named, and brutes with shining
skins

And in pure darkness many a planet spins
No living eyes have seen, yet men say, "There
Orion's gathering in his massy hair."

New stars will burn when all our lights are gone.
Our world moves slower and our sun grows wan,
Lighting pale girls who crowd the city's edge—
Frail flowers that cannot pierce Time's thick
ranked sedge.

So in the cold faint mirror of the mind
These syllables beckon the firm shapes behind,
Though Ecstasy, that lofty unicorn,
Starts at the bidding of no common horn;
But lingers ghostly in mysterious moods,
A milky angel hid in flowering woods.
Except a strangeness from the nameless comes
We shrouded lie within sepulchral homes.
Speech is most precious when the words we use
Leap to an end the speaker did not choose,
As sometimes leopard from the accustomed haze
Breaks, and the beast moves down his leafy ways;
Or one unheedingly may call up whales
Smashing the city with their tails.
These are but emanations out of sense,
Intangible stuff, vortices in the dense
And universal stillness, wherein birds
Lie folded that not yet have winged from words,

And other novel qualities that be
No less substantial than our *He* and *She*;
Departments still unopened, stores of worth,
For mystery is commonplace when earth
Moves through symbolical forests. But the pure
Intractable substance is not thus obscure,
And in clear forms the mind may crystallize
The word-cloaked phantoms that delude our
eyes —

By means of passions, ecstasies, deceits
Of sense and reason and the brutish heats.
Then the familiar trees and fair-named flowers
Shut in the four-fold stuff of space and hours,
The curious elephants, like women grown
Too gentle in a habit not their own,
And all fierce lives subdued to what they seem,
Shed their coarse husks and naked in Time's
stream
Stand up unsullied, out of the sun's beam.

EDGELL RICKWORD.

SNOW DANCE FOR THE DEAD

DANCE, little children — it is holy twilight —
Have you hung paper flowers about the necks of
the ikons?

Dance soft — but very gaily — on tip toes like the
snow.

Spread your little pinafores
And courtesy as the snow does —
The snow that bends this way and that
In silent salutation.

Do not wait to warm your hands about the fires.
Do not mind the rough licking of the wind.
Dance forth into the shaggy night that shakes itself
upon you.

Dance beneath the Kremlin towers — golden
In the royal
Purple of the sky —
But not there where the light is strongest —
Bright hair is dazzling in the light.
Dance in the dim violet places
Where the snow throws out a faint lustre
Like the lustre of dead faces —
Snow downier than wild-geese feathers —
Enough filling for five hundred pillows —
By the long deep trench of the dead.

Bend, little children,
To the rhythm of the snow

That undulates this way and that
In silver spirals.
Cup your hands like tiny chalices —
Let the flakes fill up the rosy
Hollows of your palms
And alight upon your hair,
Like kisses that cling softly
A moment and let go —
Like many kisses falling altogether —
Quick — cool kisses.

LOLA RIDGE.

AVENEL GRAY

AVENEL GRAY at fifty had gray hair,
Gray eyes, and a gray cat — coincidence
Agreeable enough to be approved
And shared by all her neighbors; or by all
Save one, who had, in his abused esteem,
No share of it worth having. Avenel Gray
At fifty had the favor and the grace
Of thirty — the gray hair being only a jest
Of time, he reasoned, whereby the gray eyes
Were maybe twenty or maybe a thousand.
Never could he persuade himself to say
How old or how young they were, or what was
in them,
Or whether in the mind or in the heart
Of their possessor there had ever been,
Or ever should be, more than room enough
For the undying dead. All he could say
Would be that she was now to him a child,
A little frightened or a little vexed,
And now a sort of Miss Methusaleh,
Adept and various in obscurity
And in omniscience rather terrible —
Until she smiled and was a child again,
Seeing with eyes that had no age in them
That his were growing older. Seneca Sprague
At fifty had hair grayer, such as it was,
Than Avenel's — an atoll, as it were,
Circling a smooth lagoon of indignation,

Whereunder were concealed no treacheries
Or monsters that were perilous to provoke.

Seneca sat one Sunday afternoon
With Avenel in her garden. There was peace
And langour in the air, but in his mind
There was not either — there was Avenel;
And where she was, and she was everywhere,
There was no peace for Seneca. So today
Should see the last of him in any garden
Where a sphynx-child, with gray eyes and gray
hair,

Would be the only flower that he might wish
To pluck, wishing in vain. "I'm here again,"
Seneca said, "and I'm not here alone;
You may observe that I've a guest with me
This time, Time being the guest. Scythe, glass,
and all,

You have it, the whole ancient apparatus.
Time is a guest not given to long waiting,
And, in so far as you may not have known it,
I'm Destiny. For more than twenty years
My search has been for an identity
Worth Time's acknowledgment; and heretofore
My search has been but a long faltering,
Paid with an unavailing gratitude
And unconfessed encouragement from you.
What is it in me that you like so much,
And love so little? I'm not so much a monkey
As many who have had their heart's desire,

And have it still. My perishable angel,
Since neither you nor I may live forever
Like this, I'll say the folly that has fooled us
Out of our lives was never mine, but yours.
There was an understanding long ago
Between the laws and atoms that your life
And mine together were to be a triumph;
But one contingency was overlooked,
And that was a complete one. All you love,
And all you dare to love, is far from here —
Too far for me to find where I am going."

"Going?" Avenel said. "Where are you going?"
There was a frightened wonder in her eyes
Until she found a way for them to laugh:
"At first I thought you might be going to tell me
That you had found a new way to be old —
Maybe without remembering all the time
How gray we are. But when you soon began
To be so unfamiliar and ferocious —
Well, I began to wonder. I'm a woman."

Seneca sighed before he shook his head
At Avenel: "You say you are a woman,
And I suppose you are. If you are not,
I don't know what you are; and if you are,
I don't know what you mean."

"By what?" she said.

A faint bewildered flush covered her face,
While Seneca felt within her voice a note

As near to sharpness as a voice like hers
Might have in silent hiding. "What have I done
So terrible all at once that I'm a stranger?"

"You are no stranger than you always were,"
He said, "and you are not required to be so.
You are no stranger now than yesterday,
Or twenty years ago; or thirty years
Longer ago than that, when you were born —
You and your brother. I'm not here to scare you,
Or to pour any measure of reproach
Out of a surplus urn of chilly wisdom;
For watching you to find out whether or not
You shivered swallowing it would be no joy
For me. But since it has all come to this —
Which is the same as nothing, only worse,
I am not either wise or kind enough,
It seems, to go away from you in silence.
My wonder is today that I have been
So long in finding what there was to find,
Or rather in recognizing what I found
Long since and hid with incredulities
That years have worn away, leaving white bones
Before me in a desert. All those bones,
If strung together, would be a skeleton
That once upheld a living form of hope
For me to follow until at last it fell
Where there was only sand and emptiness.
For a long time there was not even a grave —
Hope having died there all alone, you see,

And in the dark. And you, being as you are,
Inseparable from your traditions — well,
I went so far last evening as to fancy,
Having no other counsellor than myself
To guide me, that you might be entertained,
If not instructed, hearing how far I wandered,
Following hope into an empty desert,
And what I found there. If we never know
What we have found, and are accordingly
Adrift upon the wreck of our invention,
We make our way as quietly to shore
As possible, and we say no more about it;
But if we know too well for our well-being
That what it is we know had best be shared
With one who knows too much of it already,
Even kindness becomes, or may become,
A strangling and unwilling incubus.
A ghost would often help us if he could,
But being a ghost he can't. I may confuse
Regret with wisdom, but in going so far
As not impossibly to be annoying,
My wish is that you see the part you are
Of nature. When you find anomalies here
Among your flowers and are surprised at them,
Consider yourself and be surprised again;
For they and their potential oddities
Are all a part of nature. So are you,
Though you be not a part that nature favors,
And favoring, carries on. You are a monster;
A most adorable and essential monster."

He watched her face and waited, but she gave him
Only a baffled glance before there fell
So great a silence there among the flowers
That even their fragrance had almost a sound;
And some that had no fragrance may have had,
He fancied, an accusing voice of color
Which her pale cheeks now answered with another;
Wherefore he gazed a while at tiger-lilies,
Hollyhocks, dahlias, asters and hydrangeas —
The generals of an old anonymous host
That he knew only by their shapes and faces.
Beyond them he saw trees; and beyond them
A still blue summer sky where there were stars
In hiding, as there might somewhere be veiled
Eternal reasons why the tricks of time
Were played like this. Two insects on a leaf
Would fill about as much of nature's eye,
No doubt, as would a woman and a man
At odds with heritage. Yet there they sat,
A woman and a man, beyond the range
Of all deceit and all philosophy
To make them less or larger than they were.
The sun might only be a spark among
Superior stars, but one could not help that.

“If a grim God that watches each of us
In turn, like an old-fashioned schoolmaster,”
Seneca said, still gazing at the blue
Beyond the trees, “no longer satisfies,
Or tortures our credulity with harps

Or fires, who knows if there may not be laws
Harder for us to vanquish or evade
Than any tyrants? Rather, we know there are;
Or you would not be studying butterflies
While I'm encouraging Empedocles
In retrospect. He was a mountain climber,
You may remember; and while I think of him,
I think if only there were more volcanoes,
More of us might be climbing to their craters
To find out what he found. You are sufficient,
You and your cumulative silences
Today, to make of his abysmal ashes
The dust of all our logic and our faith;
And since you can do that, you must have power
That you have never measured. Or, if you like,
A power too large for any measurement
Has done it for you, made you as you are,
And led me for the last time, possibly,
To bow before a phantom in your garden."
He smiled — until he saw tears in her eyes,
And then remarked, "Here comes a friend of
yours.
Pyrrhus, you call him. Pyrrhus because he
purrs."

"I found him reading Hamlet," Avenel said;
"By which I mean that I was reading Hamlet.
But he's an old cat now. And I'm another —
If you mean what you say, or seem to say.
If not, what in the world's name do you mean?"

He met the futile question with a question
Almost as futile and almost as old:
"Why have I been so long learning to read,
Or learning to be willing to believe
That I was learning? All that I had to do
Was to remember that your brother once
Was here, and is here still. Why have I waited —
Why have you made me wait — so long to say so?"
Although he said it kindly, and foresaw
That in his kindness would be pain, he said it —
More to the blue beyond the trees, perhaps,
Or to the stars that moved invisibly
To laws implacable and inviolable,
Than to the stricken ears of Avenel
Who looked at him as if to speak. He waited,
Until it seemed that all the leaves and flowers,
The butterflies and the cat, were waiting also.

"Am I the only woman alive," she asked,
"Who has a brother she may not forget?
If you are here to be mysterious,
Ingenuousness like mine may disappoint you.
And there are women somewhere, certainly,
Riper for mysteries than I am yet.
You see me living always in one place,
And all alone."

"No, you are not alone,"
Seneca said: "I wish to God you were!
And I wish more that you had been so always,
That you might be so now. Your brother is here,

And yet he has not been here for ten years.
Though you've skill to crowd your paradigms
Into a cage like that, and keep them there,
You may not yet be asking quite so much
Of others, for whom the present is not the past.
We are not all magicians; and Time himself
Who is already beckoning me away,
Would surely have been cut with his own scythe,
And long ago, if he had followed you
In all your caprioles and divagations.
You have deceived the present so demurely
That only few have been aware of it,
And you the least of all. You do not know
How much it was of you that was not you
That made me wait. And why I was so long
In seeing that it was never to be you,
Is not for you to tell me—for I know.
I was so long in seeing it was not you,
Because I would not see. I wonder, now,
If I should take you up and carry you off,
Like an addressable orang-outang,
You might forget the grave where half of you
Is buried alive, and where the rest of you,
Whatever you may believe it may be doing,
Is parlously employed." As if to save
His mistress the convention of an answer,
The cat jumped up into her lap and purred,
Folded his paws, and looked at Seneca
Suspiciously. "I might almost have done it,"
He said, "if insight and experience

Had not assured me it would do no good.
Don't be afraid. I have tried everything,
Only to be assured it was not you
That made me fail. If you were here alone,
You would not see the last of me so soon;
And even with you and the invisible
Together, maybe I might have seized you then
Just hard enough to leave you black and blue—
Not that you would have cared one way or other,
With him forever near you, and if unseen,
Always a refuge. No, I should not have hurt you.
It would have done no good—yet might perhaps
Have made me likelier to be going away
At the right time. Anyhow, damn the cat.”

Seneca looked at Avenel till she smiled,
And so let loose a tear that she had held
In each of her gray eyes. “I am too old,”
She said, “And too incorrigibly alone,
For you to laugh at me. You have been saying
More nonsense in an hour than I have heard
Before in forty years. Why do you do it?
Why do you talk like this of going away?
Where would you be, and what would you be
doing?

You would be like a cat in a strange house—
Like Pyrrhus here in yours. I have not had
My years for nothing; and you are not so young
As to be quite so sure that I'm a child.
We are too old to be ridiculous,

And we've been friends too long."

"We have been friends
Too long," he said, "to be friends any longer.
And there you have the burden of a song
That I came here to sing this afternoon.
When I said friends you might have halted me,
For I meant neighbors."

"I know what you meant,"
Avenel answered, gazing at the sky,
And then at Seneca. "The great question is,
What made you say it? You mention powers and
laws,
As if you understood them. Am I stranger
Than powers and laws that make me as I am?"

"God knows you are no stranger than you are,
For which I praise Him," Seneca said, devoutly.
"I see no need of prayer to bring to pass
For me more prodigies or more difficulties.
I cry for them no longer when I know
That you are married to your brother's ghost,
Even as you were married to your brother —
Never contending or suspecting it,
Yet married all the same. You are alone,
But only in so far as to my eyes
The sight of your beloved is unseen.
Why should I come between you and your ghost,
Whose hand is always chilly on my shoulder,
Drawing me back whenever I go forward?
I should have been acclaimed stronger than he

Before he died, but he can twist me now,
And I resign my dream to his dominion.
And if by chance of an uncertain urge
Of weariness or pity you might essay
The stranglings of a twofold loyalty,
The depth and length and width of my estate,
Measured magnanimously, would be but that
Of half a grave. I'd best be rational,
I'm saying therefore to myself today,
And leave you quiet. I can originate
No reason larger than a leucocyte
Why you should not, since there are two of you,
Be tranquil here together till the end."

"You would not tell me this if it were true,
And I, if it were true, should not believe it,"
Said Avenel, stroking slowly with cold hands
The cat's warm coat. "But I might still be
vexed —

Yes, even with you; and that would be a pity.
It may be well for you to go away —
Or for a while — perhaps. I have not heard
Such an unpleasant nonsense anywhere
As this of yours. I like you, Seneca,
But not when you bring Time and Destiny,
As now you do, for company. When you come
Some other day, leave your two friends outside.
We have gone well without them for so long
That we shall hardly be tragedians now,
Not even if we may try; and we have been

Too long familiar with our differences
To quarrel — or to change.”

Avenel smiled
At Seneca with gray eyes wherein were drowned
Inquisitive injuries, and the gray cat yawned
At him as he departed with a sigh
That answered nothing. He went slowly home,
Imagining, as a fond improvisation,
That waves huger than Andes or Sierras
Would soon be overwhelming, as before,
A ship that would be sunk for the last time
With all on board, and far from Tilbury Town.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

I WAS MADE OF THIS AND THIS

(I WAS made of this and this —
An angel's prayer, a gipsy's kiss.)

My mother bore me prayerfully
And reared me sweet as a gift for God,
And taught me to look shudderingly
On ways my father trod.

They buried him long and long ago
(I just remember his eyes were blue),
He always did — they say who know —
Things it was wrong to do.

He prayed no saints but the Little Folk,
Pan was his only god; ah me,
The times he laughed when my mother spoke
The beads on her rosary!

(I tend my roof-tree and I pray
The Maid who knew a mother's woe
To keep my feet in the gentle way
Her Son would have me go.)

He swore round oaths and drank black gin;
He held four things to his heart's delight:
The hills, the road, his violin,
An open sky at night.

He told strange tales that were never true
 (They buried him long and long ago!)
It always seemed the things he knew
 Were things it was wrong to know.

He scoffed at walls and a garden plot;
 He held three things to his heart's desire:
The river's song, an open spot,
 The smoke from a driftwood fire.

(I wonder would I greatly care —
 Mary, keep my heart from sin! —
If babe of mine should come to swear
 Round oaths and drink black gin?)

I grieve for my mother's every tear,
 I weep for the hurt in my mother's breast,
But ever and ever at bud o' year
 I love my father best.

(That I had never been made of this —
The angel's prayer, or the gipsy's kiss!)

GERTRUDE ROBINSON ROSS.

INTERIM

DEATH came and found him — suddenly, in sleep
Where he had thrown himself for weariness
Upon his homely couch, and shut the door
On all the cares that marked his day of toil.
Somewhere a clock struck seven; voices rose
Beyond, and fell; then all again was still.
A fly buzzed vaguely on the window pane.
Soft breezes stirred the curtains; this, his room
With faded walls, familiar chairs and bed,
Its window looking to the quiet west,
Seemed as before, yet subtly different
When she, his wife, came in and stood and coughed
Her little conscious cough, and spoke his name;
Smiled to herself, crossed over, drew the blinds
And spoke his name again, close at his side,
And leaned, and could not waken him at all.

SYDNEY KING RUSSELL.

MOONLIGHT

WHAT time the meanest brick and stone
Take on a beauty not their own,
And past the flaw of builded wood
Shines the intention whole and good,
And all the little homes of man
Rise to a dimmer, nobler span;
When colour's absence gives escape
To the deeper spirit of the shape,

— Then earth's great architecture swells
Among her mountains and her fells
Under the moon to amplitude
Massive and primitive and rude:

— Then do the clouds like silver flags
Stream out above the tattered crags,
And black and silver all the coast
Marshals its hunched and rocky host,
And headlands striding sombrely
Buttress the land against the sea,
— The darkened land, the brightening wave —
And moonlight slants through Merlin's cave.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

WINTER

To V. G.

DAGOBERT lay in front of the fire —
Each thin flame seemed a feathery spire

Of the grasses that, like goslings, quack
On the castle walls: "Bring Gargotte back;"

But Gargotte the goose-girl, bright as hail,
Has faded into a fairy tale.

The kings and queens on the nursery wall
Seem chain-armoured fish in the moat, and all

The frost-flowers upon the window panes,
Grown fertilate from the fire's gold grains,

Ripen to gold-freckled strawberries,
Raspberries, glassy pale gooseberries

(We never could touch them, early or late,
They would chill our hands like the touch of
fate.)

But Anne was five years old and must know
Reality; in the goose-soft snow

She was made to walk with her three tall aunts,
Drooping beneath the snow's cold plants.

They dread the hour when with book and bell
Their mother, the old fell Countess of L —

Is disrobed of her wig and embalmed for the
night's

Sweet mummified dark; her invective affrights

The maids till you hear them scamper like mice
In the wainscoting — trembling, neat and nice.

Each clustered bouquet of the snows is
Like stephanotis and white roses;

The muted airs sing Palestrina
In trees like monstresses, grown leaner

Than she is; the unripe snow falls
Like little tunes on the virginals

Whose sound is bright, unripe and sour
As small fruits fall'n before their hour.

The Countess sits and plays fantan
Before the portrait of great Queen Anne

(Who sleeps beneath the strawberry bed)
And all her maids have scampered, fled.

The shuffled cards like the tail of a bird
Unfolding its shining plumes are heard —

The maid in her powder-closet soon,
Beneath the fire of the calm full moon

Whose sparkles, rubies, sapphires spill
For her upon the window-sill,

Will nod her head, grown sleepy, I wis,
As Alaciél or Semiramis,

Pasiphae or the Lady Isis —
Embalmed in the precious airs like spices.

But her ladyship stamps with her stick — “Grown
cold

Are my small feet, from my chilly gold —

Unwarmed by buds of the lamb’s wool — Go
And gather for me the soft polar snow

To line with that silver chilly-sweet
The little slippers upon my feet —

With snow clear-petalled as lemon blossom —
Crystal-clear — perfumed as Venus’ bosom.”

*

*

*

Can this be Eternity? — snow peach-cold,
Sleeping and rising and growing old

While she lies embalmed in the fire’s gold sheen
Like a cross wasp in a ripe nectarine,

And the golden seed of the fire droops dead
And ripens not in the heart or head.

EDITH SITWELL.

ORPHEUS

WHEN Orpheus with his wind-swift fingers
Ripples the strings that gleam like rain,
The wheeling birds fly up and sing,
Hither, thither echoing;
There is a crackling of dry twigs,
A sweeping of leaves along the ground,
Fawny faces and dumb eyes
Peer through the fluttering screens
That mask ferocious teeth and claws
Now tranquil.
As the music sighs up the hill-side,
The young ones hear,
Come skipping, ambling, rolling down,
Their soft ears flapping as they run,
Their fleecy coats catching in the thickets,
Till they lie, listening, round his feet.
Unseen for centuries,
Fabulous creatures creep out of their caves.
The unicorn
Prances down from his bed of leaves,
His milk-white muzzle still stained green
With the munching, crunching of mountain-herbs.
The griffin, usually so fierce,
Now tame and amiable again,
Has covered the white bones in his secret cavern
With a rustling pall of dank dead leaves,
While the salamander, true lover of art,
Flickers, and creeps out of the flame;

Gently now, and away he goes,
Kindles his proud and blazing track
Across the forest,
Lies listening,
Cools his fever in the flowing water of the lute.

* * * * *

But when the housewife returns,
Carrying her basket,
She will not understand.
She misses nothing,
Hears nothing.
She will only see
That the fire is dead,
The grate cold.

* * * * *

But the child upstairs,
Alone, in the empty cottage,
Heard a strange wind, like music,
In the forest,
Saw something creep out of the fire.

OSBERT SITWELL.

ANOTHER GENERATION

THERE is a woman like a seed,
There is a man in embryo,
Whose spirits, faces, sex indeed
Their very mothers do not know.

Only their being is revealed,
They are: all else is hid in gloom,
Fixed by authority, but sealed
Deep in the future and the womb.

Yet they are foreordained to be
One female, and other male,
And they will come the light to see,
And suck, and bite their fist, and wail,

And grow through childhood wondering still
At all the beauties of the earth,
And learn the exercise of will,
Mercy and truth and tears and mirth.

Season of youth! they'll live with joy
Through all our careless days of old,
But leave behind the girl and boy
Their dearest secrets still untold.

Separate still, they will not meet,
Though life be light, unsatisfied;
Not finding any, wise or sweet,
The born companions of their pride:

Till destiny disguised as chance
Pricks out the hour with silver pin,
Decrees a dinner or a dance,
A house, a garden, or an inn.

Where they'll be left alone a space,
Strangers, and talk; and she will find
Him like herself, and he her face
The language of a perfect mind.

And once again with all the rest
They'll come together, and friends depart,
Congeniality confessed,
Each with a trouble at the heart.

And yet once more and they will know
A final wound; they are struck by love,
The god at last has drawn his bow,
And sent a shaft that will not move:

And he a whole night long will wake
Abased and helpless, framing speech,
Made desperate by his heart's fierce ache
To ask a thing beyond his reach,

And she all trembling in her bed
Will search his strangeness, yearn and weep,
Loving him, filled with virgin dread,
And see the dawn, and find no sleep.

And pressed by thunder they will rise,
And when a few more hours have gone,
Her burning cheek and languid eyes,
Will tell him all his war is won.

Ah, but I know their months of bliss,
Their happy silence, happy talk
How they will roam and pause and kiss,
Confess, discover, while they walk;

How they will stand by stream and lake,
And go, as though exchanging sight,
Through bluebell wood and primrose brake
Finding in all a new delight:

And watch the sunset from a gate,
And see the evening fade, and then
All of a sudden learn to hate
The evil that is done by men —

So they will mate, and they will get
A wondrous child, and several more,
The prettiest, strongest, gayest set
That mortal mother ever bore.

And love to watch this brood of theirs
Grow up, though they grow older too,
And laugh to find their first grey hairs
Since there is nothing else to do.

Each thought you guard, each pulse of mine
Will wake in them, but they not guess
We shared of old the immortal wine
Of their delight and their distress,

Who beyond question, also were
Wisest of all the race of Man,
One only comprehending pair,
Unique, since first the world began.

J. C. SQUIRE.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

IF Joy, the Golden Bird, would fly,
Do not close a hand upon her;
She belongeth to the sky,
With all the winds of heaven on her:
Only when her wings are free
Bird of Lovely Life is she.

He who Joy of Life would store
Heart of his be widely open;
Throw the key out with the door,
Throw the hope out with the hopen;
Give her, as she finds in sky,
Place to dip and soar and fly.

She will come again, I wist;
She of thee shall not be frightened;
She shall sing upon thy fist;
By her shall thy dark be lighted;
By her freedom thou art given
Right and room in joyous heaven.

JAMES STEPHENS.

TO THE ONE OF FICTIVE MUSIC

SISTER and mother and diviner love,
And of the sisterhood of the living dead
Most near, most clear, and of the clearest bloom,
And of the fragrant mothers the most dear,
And queen, and of diviner love the day
And flame and summer and sweet fire, no thread
Of cloudy silver sprinkles in your gown
Its venom of renown, and on your head
No crown is simpler than the simple hair.

Now, of the music summoned by the birth
That separates us from the wind and sea,
Yet leaves them in us until earth becomes,
By being so much of the things we are,
Gross effigy and simulacrum, none
Gives motion to perfection more serene
Than yours, out of our imperfections wrought,
Most rare, or ever of more kindred air
In the laborious weaving that you wear.

For so retentive of themselves are men
That music is intensest which proclaims
The near, the clear, and vaunts the clearest bloom
And of all vigils musing the obscure
That apprehends the most which sees and names,
As in your name, an image that is sure,
Among the arrant spices of the sun,

O bough and bush and scented vine, in whom
We give ourselves our likeliest issuance.

Yet not too like, yet not so like to be
Too near, too clear, saving a little to endow
Our feigning with the strange unlike, whence
 springs

The difference that heavenly pity brings.
For this, musician, in your girdle fixed
Bear other perfumes. On your pale head wear
A band entwining, set with fatal stones.
Unreal, give back to us what once you gave:
The imagination that we spurned and crave.

WALLACE STEVENS.

IN THE ORCHARD

I THOUGHT you loved me.

No, it was only fun.

When we stood there, closer than all?

Well, the harvest moon

Was shining and queer in your hair, and it turned
my head.

That made you?

Yes.

Just the moon and the light it made

Under the tree?

Well, your mouth too.

Yes, my mouth?

And the quiet there that sang like the drum in
the booth.

You shouldn't have danced like that.

Like what?

So close,

With your head turned up, and the flower in your
hair, a rose

That smelt all warm.

I loved you. I thought you knew

I wouldn't have danced like that with any but you.

I didn't know. I thought you knew it was fun.

I thought it was love you meant.

Well, it's done.

Yes, it's done.

I've seen boys stone a blackbird, and watched
them drown

A kitten — it clawed at the reeds, and they pushed
it down

Into the pool while it screamed. Is that fun, too?

Well, boys are like that — Your brothers —

Yes, I know.

But you, so lovely and strong! Not you! Not
you!

MURIEL STUART.

FOUR DISTICHES

IN AN OXFORD GARDEN

ACROSS your lawns we watched a shadow move:
I called it Memory, and you called it Love.

THE HONEYMOON

Enchanting and enchanted at my side
She laughs a lover, and she smiles a bride.

TO THE COMMANDER OF AN ADMIRALTY WIRELESS STATION

Our new Arachne, with steel web unfurled,
You catch the wandering whispers of the world.

THE POETASTER

Re-write the thrice re-written. Strive to say
Some older nothing in some newer way.

J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

SOLAR MYTH

Maui, the dutiful son and great hero, yields to his mother's entreaty and adjusts the centre of the universe to her domestic convenience. The days are too short for drying *tapa*. He is persuaded to slow down the speed of the spider-sun, with a lasso of sisal rope.

THE golden spider of the sky
Leaped from the crater's rim;
And all the winds of morning rose
And spread, and followed him.

The circle of the day swept out,
His vast and splendid path;
The purple sea spumed in the west
His humid evening bath.

Thrice twenty mighty legs he had,
And over earth there passed
Shadows daily whipping by,
Faster, faster, fast.

For daily did he wax more swift,
And daily did he run
The span of heaven to the sea,
A lusty, rebel sun.

Then Maui's mother came to him
With weight of household woes:

"I cannot get my *tapa* dry
Before the daylight goes.

"Mornings I rise and spread with care
My *tapa* on the grass;
Evenings I gather it again,
A damp and sodden mass."

Then Maui rose and climbed at night
The mountain. Dim and deep
Within the crater's bowl he saw
The sprawling sun asleep.

He looped his ropes, the mighty man,
He whirled his sisal cords;
They whistled like a hurricane,
And cut the air like swords.

Up sprang the spider. Maui hurled
His lasso after him.
The spider fled. Great Maui stood
Firm on the mountain rim.

The spider dipped and swerved and pulled,
But struggle as he might,
Around one-half his whirl of legs
The sisal ropes cut tight.

He broke them off, the mighty man,
He dropped them in the sea.
Where there had once been sixty legs
There now were thirty-three.

Mauï counted them, and took
The pathway home; and came
Back to his mother, brooding — strode
Like a lost man, and lame.

The tarnished spider of the sky
Limped slowly over heaven,
And with his going mourned and moaned
The missing twenty-seven.

On with a hollow voice he mourned,
Poured out his hollow woe;
Over, each day the sound of him,
Bellowing, went below.

Mauï saw the gulls swarm up
And scream and settle on
The carcass of the limping thing
That once had been the sun.

But still he thought at length to see
His mother satisfied.

“Can’t you put back his legs again
Now all my *tapa*’s dried?”

“The days are long and dull,” she said.

“I loved to see them skim.”

Wearily the old sun shook
The black birds off of him.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

THE ASS OF HEAVEN

If I were like St. Francis,
As no such thing am I,
I'd give the folk in heaven
A name to know me by:
The Ass of Christ, my Master,
In lands beyond the sky.

If I could bear as meekly
Stumbling uphill, my load
As he, my little brother,
Inured to curse and rod,
'Twould not so ill beseem me
To be the ass of God.

If I could stand so patient
In scourging wind and rain,
Give service for reviling
To hard and wicked men,
And bear upon my shoulders
The Cross of Christ made plain.

But I am proud and froward
And fain of my own will,
Fretting against my burdens,
Aware of every hill:
Not like the little brother,
Patient, forgiving ill.

If like the Ass, my brother,
Innocent, without blame,
The Cross between my shoulders
To show whose Ass I am,
The folk of heaven might hail me
Deserving of the Name.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

STEEL MILL

THE core of him is hate.

Down in his stones he waits and growls for war.
His iron bones strain to destroy; his bowels
Are grinding steel that crush the maggots he
contains.

His fires are rushing anger.
Every churning wheel,
Fed and well-greased with blood,
Turns with a redder purpose —
Released through passion to create
Fresh agonies of hate.

Thrusting his back against the night,
He cracks the full moon into splintered glass
And crusts of winter-bitten ponds.
Timidly clustered houses sleep
Deep in their bonds of silence.
He howls to see small hours pass
And roars dark blasphemies into their ears.
He calls to his coarse brood,
Spitting lewd sparks upon the bleeding dawn
That lifts its head, unheeding,
Christ-like, compassionate.

Hating the light of peace, now that the stars are
dead,
His chimneys throw their bars against the east.

Daylight plows through them.
Roused by the clamor,
Naked, new,
The sun,
Answering hate with heat,
Beats his great hammer on the smoking back.
Morning. Fresh fires. Attack.
Up go black arms tearing apart the sky!
Down swarms a heaven of flaring motes
Exploding into laughter!
Up go the shafts of fear and hatred!
Down fly the spears of love!
The battle never clears.
The rhythm never varies.
The rhythm has no ending.
Conflict. Consent.
Death at life's core.
Rising. Rending.
War! War!

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

THE BONES OF CHUANG TZU

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE OF CHANG
HENG (78-139 A.D.)

I, CHANG P' ING—Tzu, had traversed the Nine
Wilds and seen their wonders,
In the eight continents beheld the ways of Man,
The Sun's procession, the orbit of the Stars,
The surging of the dragon, the soaring of the
phoenix in his flight.

In the red desert to the South I sweltered,
And northward waded through the wintry burghs
of Yu.

Through the Valley of Darkness to the west I
wandered,
And eastward travelled to the Sun's extreme abode
And Stooping Mulberry Tree.

So the seasons sped; weak autumn languished,
A small wind woke the cold.

And now with rearing of reign-horse,
Plunging of the tracer, round I fetched
My high-roofed chariot to westward.
Along the dykes we loitered, past many meadows,
And far away among the dunes and hills.
Suddenly I looked, and by the roadside
I saw a man's bones lying in the squelchy earth,
Black rime-frost over him; and I in sorrow spoke

And asked him, saying, "Dead man, how was it?
Fled you with your friend from famine and for
the last grains
Gambled and lost? Was this earth your tomb
Or did floods carry you from afar? Were you
mighty, were you wise?
Were you foolish and poor? A warrior, or a
girl?"

Then a wonder came; for out of the silence a
voice,
Thin echo only — in no substance was the Spirit
seen —

Mysteriously answered, saying, "I was a man of
Sung,
Of the clan of Chuang; Chou was my name.
Beyond the climes of common thought
My reason soared, yet could I not save myself;
For, at the last, when the long charter of my years
was told,
I, too, for all my magic, by Age was brought
To the Black Hill of Death.
Wherefore, O Master, do you question me?"

Then I answered:
"Let me plead for you upon the Five Hill-tops,
Let me pray for you to the Gods of Heaven and the
Gods of Earth,
That your white bones may arise
And your limbs be joined anew.
The God of the North shall give me back your
ears;

I will scour the Southland for your eyes;
From the Sunrise will I wrest your feet;
The West shall yield your heart.

I will set each several organ in its throne;
Each subtle sense will I restore.

Would you not have it so?"

The dead man answered me:

"O Friend, how strange and unacceptable your words!

In death, I rest and am at peace; in life, I toiled
and strove.

Is the hardness of the winter stream
Better than the melting of Spring?

All pride that the body knew,
Was it not lighter than dust?

What Ch'ao and Hsü despised,
What Po-ch'eng fled,

Shall I desire whom death

Already has hidden in the Eternal Way,

Where Li Chu cannot see me,

Nor Tzu Yeh hear me,

Where neither Yao nor Shun can praise me,

Nor the tyrants Chieh and Hsin condemn me,

Nor wolf nor tiger harm me,

Lance prick me nor sword wound me?

Of the Primal Spirit is my substance; I am a
wave

In the River of Darkness and Light.

The Maker of All Things is my father and mother,

Heaven is my bed and earth my cushion,

The thunder and lightning are my drum and fan,
The sun and moon my candle and my torch,
The Milky Way my moat, the stars my jewels.
I have no passion, no desire.
Wash me and I shall be no whiter;
Foul me, and I shall yet be clean.
I come not, yet am here;
Hasten not, yet am swift.”
The voice stopped; there was silence.
A ghostly light
Faded and expired.
I gazed upon the dead, stared in sorrow and compassion.
Then I called upon my servant that was with me
To tie his silken scarf about those bones
And wrap them in a cloak of sombre dust,
While I, as offering to the soul of this dead man,
Poured my hot tears upon the margin of the road.

ARTHUR WALEY.

THE STRICKEN PEASANT

DIM twilight here; and in her singing mind
Dim twilight too. Shut in this darkened room,
Over whose broad-beamed walls the shadows
bloom,

All day she lies;
Yet will her sweet thoughts find
Nothing but praise to tell until she dies.

No footstep passes but she knows the tread,
And each some pastoral-memory awakes
Within her dreamy head.
Or when the barley-wains
Go rumbling past, darkly her old brain tells
Of other wagons jolting up the lanes
In days long since; then breaks
A tear from shrunken lids the while she dwells
On far-off romping harvests that she knew
Where Ned and she to their shy loving drew.

Sometimes, for hours, no company she knows
But chattering birds
That rustle in her eaves, when the wind blows
Sparrows and starlings, jostling, helter-skelter,
To the thatch for shelter;
Yet are their pipings plain to her as words.
Or she will turn to the window's leaded panes —
On loved scenes lingering long;
And whether sun makes bright the land, or rains
Close it in tremulous veils, one song

Is ever at her lips — though mutely thrown
To the still air — of love and love alone.
And when the twilight fades and wagons come
Wheeling their yellow lights about her room,
As to the farm they pass along,
Their very creaking is an evensong.
So, with their little circumstance, the days
Draw to a close; the nights dark vigil keep
Unblessed of sleep;
Yet is her every word a meed of praise.

Such peace is hers, no knowledge gives,
Who, to no other end than loving, lives:
Such faith, no knowledge now can try,
With urgent Wherefor, Why,
To dim the brightness of her old belief.
Out of her very grief
Has grown this rich content,
Easing her soul in its lone banishment.

And often, in her dreams, the skies are riven
With a great light, till her accustomed eyes
Behold the blaze of heaven.
Upon her ears a singing breaks; the skies
Fold back and ever back; and flaxen-fair
The angels are, moving in beauty there.
The memory is so bright for her
That, waking, still she fears to stir
Lest this her room and these her hands should be
A borrowed dream out of Eternity.

C. HENRY WARREN.

POEM

By the road to the contagious hospital,
under the surge of the blue
mottled clouds driven from the
northeast — cold wind. Beyond, the
waste of broad, muddy fields,
brown with dried weeds, standing and fallen,

patches of standing water,
the scattering of tall trees.

All along the road the reddish,
purplish, forked, upstanding, twiggy
stuff of brushes and small trees
with dead, brown leaves under them
leafless vines —

Lifeless in appearance, sluggish
dazed spring approaches —

They enter the new world naked,
cold, uncertain of all
save that they enter. All about them
the cold, familiar wind —

Now the grass, to-morrow
the stiff curl of wild-carrot leaf

One by one objects are defined —
It quickens: clarity, outline of leaf,

But now the stark dignity of
entrance — Still, the profound change
has come upon them; rooted, they
grip down and begin to awaken.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

FROM "KENSINGTON GARDENS"

SPEKE

THE children play
at hide and seek
about the monument
to Speke.
And why should the dead
explorer mind
who has nothing to seek
and nothing to find?

QUEEN VICTORIA

Queen Victoria's
statue is
the work of her
daughter Beatrice.
The shape's all wrong
and the crown don't fit,
But — bless her old heart! —
she was proud of it.

TAIL-PIECE

"Out! All out!"
Harsh echoes blow
from far. With wandering steps
and slow
once again their
garden leave
little Adam,
litte Eve

HUMBERT WOLFE.

OH, JUBILEE!

WHEN hit's time fer me to die,
 Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
Den my sperrit 'll fin' de sky,
 Oh, jubilee!

I'll fly to Hebb'n, an' not alone,
 Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
Angels'll tote me to mah home,
 Oh, jubilee!

Dey'll serve me locusts 'n' honey dere,
 Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
I'll set in a golden rockin' chair,
 Oh, jubilee!

Mah soul won' bury in no grave,
 Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
But dey's lots uv niggers de Lawd can't save,
 Oh, jubilee!

You better be righteous w'ile you's young,
 Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
'Case smart backsliders gwineter git stung,
 Oh, jubilee!

Dey'll broil forebber — I'll hear 'em groan,
 Dar ain' gwineter be no night!
W'ile I dusts off de Hebb'nly throne,
 Oh, jubilee!

CLEMENT WOOD.

THE PURITAN'S BALLAD

My love came up from Barnegat,
The sea was in his eyes;
He trod as softly as a cat
And told me terrible lies.

His hair was yellow as new-cut pine
In shavings curled and feathered;
I thought how silver it would shine
By cruel winters weathered.

But he was in his twentieth year,
This time I'm speaking of;
We were head over heels in love with fear
And half a-feared of love.

My hair was piled in a copper crown —
A devilish living thing —
And the tortoise-shell pins fell down, fell down,
When that snake uncoiled to spring.

His feet were used to treading a gale
And balancing thereon;
His face was brown as a foreign sail
Threadbare against the sun.

His arms were thick as hickory logs
Whittled to little wrists;
Strong as the teeth of terrier dogs
Were the fingers of his fists.

Within his arms I feared to sink
Where lions shook their manes,
And dragons drawn in azure ink
Leapt quickened by his veins.

Dreadful his strength and length of limb
As the sea to foundering ships;
I dipped my hands in love for him
No deeper than their tips.

But our palms were welded by a flame
The moment we came to part,
And on his knuckles I read my name
Enscrolled within a heart.

And something made our wills to bend,
As wild as trees blown over;
We were no longer friend and friend,
But only lover and lover.

“In seven weeks or seventy years —
God grant it may be sooner! —
I’ll make a handkerchief for your tears
From the sails of my captain’s schooner.

We’ll wear our loves like wedding rings
Long polished to our touch;
We shall be busy with other things
And they cannot bother us much.

When you are skimming the wrinkled cream
And your ring clinks on the pan,
You'll say to yourself in a pensive dream,
"How wonderful a man!"

When I am slitting a fish's head
And my ring clanks on the knife,
I'll say with thanks, as a prayer is said,
"How beautiful a wife!"

And I shall fold my decorous paws
In velvet smooth and deep,
Like a kitten that covers up its claws
To sleep and sleep and sleep.

Like a little blue pigeon you shall bow
Your bright alarming crest;
In the crook of my arm you'll lay your brow
To rest and rest and rest.

*Will he never come back from Barnegat
With thunder in his eyes,
Treading as soft as a tiger cat,
To tell me terrible lies?*

ELINOR WYLIE.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

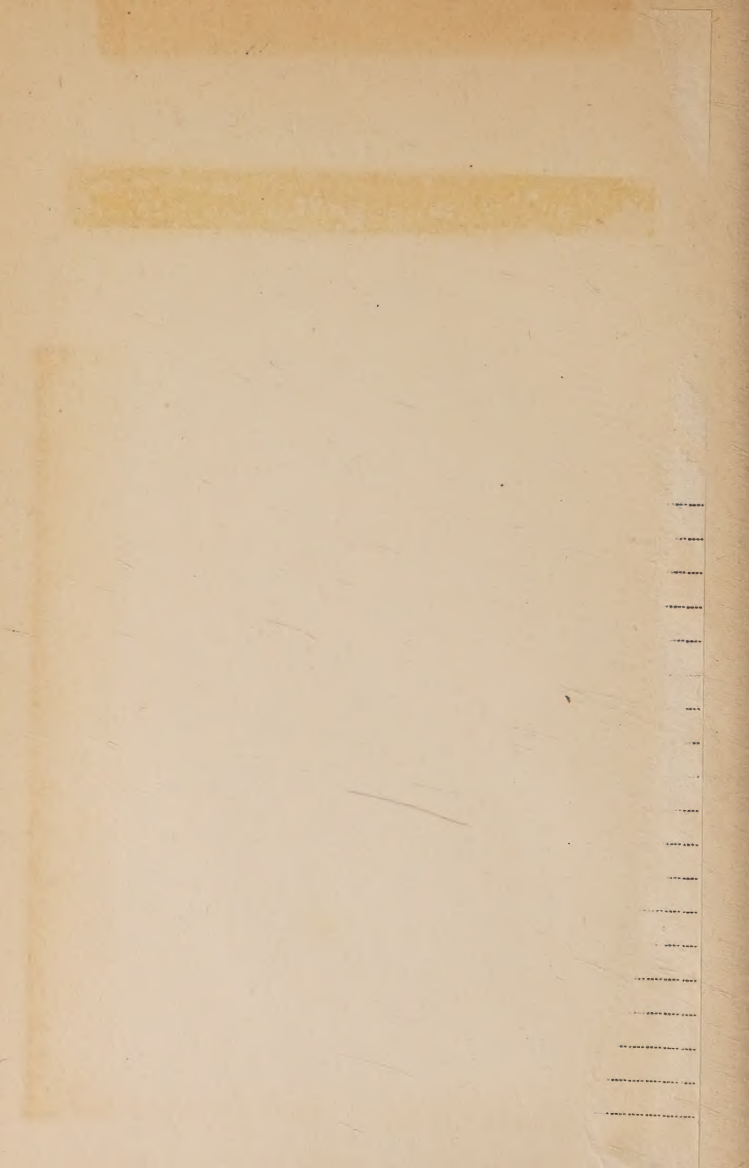
	PAGE
A far look in absorbed eyes, unaware.	
LAWRENCE BINYON	38
A livid sky on London.	
G. K. CHESTERTON	50
A monster like a mountain, leathern limbed.	
BABETTE DEUTSCH	72
A workman climbed a lofty tower.	
PRESCOTT HOARD	105
Across your lawns we watched a shadow move.	
J. ST. LOE STRACHEY	199
An amber-breasted thrush upon a thorn.	
EDEN PHILLPOTTS	156
An old man said, "I saw"	
PADRAIC COLUM	60
Avenel Gray at fifty had gray hair.	
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON	168
Beneath the barren artifice of red.	
MAXWELL BODENHEIM	40
By his clay-daubed wall, that is silver bright.	
JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE	136
By the road to the contagious hospital.	
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS	213
Care now lies.	
JANET NORRIS BANGS	25
Careless I lived, accepting day by day.	
ALEXANDER GRAY	99
Chlorinda, in the slipping gown.	
BEN RAY REDMAN	161
Closer than my body's shadow.	
PAUL ELDRIDGE	75
Clouds dream and disappear.	
WITTER BYNNER	48
Come, thrust your hands in the warm earth.	
RICHARD ALDINGTON	22
Could you bid an acorn.	
RICHARD HUGHES	109

	PAGE
Dagobert lay in front of the fire.	
EDITH SITWELL	185
Dance, little children—it is holy twilight.	
LOLA RIDGE	166
David sang to his hook-nosed harp.	
STEPHEN VINCENT BENET	28
Dawn is dense with twitter.	
JOSEPH AUSLANDER	24
Death came and found him—suddenly, in sleep.	
SYDNEY KING RUSSELL	183
Death, kindly eager to pretend.	
ROBERT GRAVES	98
Dim twilight here; and in her singing mind.	
C. HENRY WARREN	211
Fair and capable one of our race.	
THOMAS HARDY	102
Fool! Argumentative in love; denying.	
ALAN PORTER	157
For we have thought the longer thoughts.	
ERNEST M. HEMENWAY	104
Ghosts of my fathers, while you keep.	
WILFRED WILSON GIBSON	89
Grief hath now pacified her face.	
WALTER DE LA MARE	71
Having chattered out.	
IRIS BARRY	26
Here sown to dust lies one that drave.	
LAWRENCE HOUSMAN	108
I, Chang P' ing-Tzu, had traversed the Nine Wilds and seen their wonders.	
ARTHUR WALEY	207
I do not love you, no, nor all your beauty.	
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE	78
I have known or seen all the worlds of this world.	
EDGAR LEE MASTERS	137
I have sought Emptiness.	
WALDO FRANK	85
I heard by night the missel thrush.	
JOHN HELSTON	103
I heard the wind rise, the first autumn wind.	
CLIFFORD BAX	27
I must take this beautiful thing and break it.	
ABBIE HUSTON EVANS	76

	PAGE
I read of Italy the other night.	
RICHARD CHURCH	53
I read the aspens like a book and every leaf was signed.	
VACHEL LINDSAY	122
I thought you loved me.	
MURIEL STUART	197
I was made of this and this.	
GERTRUDE ROBINSON ROSS	181
I wish my ghost might serve as a juryman.	
HORTENSE FLEXNER	84
If I were like St. Francis.	
KATHARINE TYNAN	203
If Joy, the Golden Bird, would fly.	
JAMES STEPHENS	194
In all too late and frozen a day.	
E. V. BRANFORD	41
Into the town sunset of Wyoming's desert past an.	
CHARLES RECHT	159
It does me good to see the ships.	
OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY	90
It is evening.	
ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH	56
Let the wind come.	
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER	79
My love came up from Barnegat.	
ELINOR WYLIE	217
Never, never may the fruit be plucked from the bough.	
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY	147
Night. O heavy breather in the surf of sleep.	
JESSICA NELSON NORTH	151
Nobody loses all the time.	
E. E. CUMMINGS	64
Now that the day is done.	
H. D.	69
O America.	
D. H. LAWRENCE	117
O Risen Christ.	
JOHN CURNOS	62
Out of the railroad eating house.	
BEULAH MAY	142
Over and back.	
H. D.	67

	PAGE
Rudkin was one who cattle sold.	
KENNETH H. ASHLEY	23
She is a washer-woman most of the time.	
AMY LOWELL	135
She follows still in vain her constant breath.	
DAVID OSBORNE HAMILTON	101
Sister and mother and diviner love.	
WALLACE STEVENS	195
Sit here where I could touch your hand.	
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE	77
The brown-faced nurse has murmured something un- intelligible.	
SUSAN MILES	144
The buzzing of the drowsy bees.	
LOUIS GOLDING	91
The children play.	
HUMBERT WOLFE	215
The core of him is hate.	
Louis Untermeyer	205
The fair is a fight; some are fighting for gain.	
EDEN PHILLPOTS	155
The golden spider of the sky.	
Genevieve Taggard	200
The lady in front of me in the car.	
HARRIET MONROE	149
The little fires that Nature lights.	
JOSEPH CAMPBELL	49
The new moon was two nights away.	
LAURENCE HOUSMAN	106
The passing of a cloud, it seems.	
C. E. LAWRENCE	116
The Pole, the Bear, the Cassiopeia.	
A. E. COPPARD	61
The Queen of Egypt yawned and frowned.	
GEORGE O'NEIL	153
The sand is scored by print of unknown feet.	
NANCY CUNARD	66
The silver eel slips through the waving weeds.	
EDMUND BLUNDEN	39
There is a woman like a seed.	
J. C. SQUIRE	190
There is a woman who makes my eye.	
HAZEL HALL	100

	PAGE
Three hours in Seven Dials.	
CAMILLA DOYLE	73
Too soon the sunset comes; too soon.	
GERALD MILLER	148
Trees have been named, and brutes with shining skins.	
EDGEELL RICKWORD	164
Unknown to each other, in a hostile camp.	
ROBERT GRAVES	93
We spurred our parents to the kiss.	
ROBERT GRAVES	92
We want a man of forty for the job.	
ALFRED KREYMBORG	110
What the hell.	
ALFRED KREYMBORG	111
What time the meanest brick and stone.	
V. SACKVILLE-WEST	184
When hit's time fer me to die.	
CLEMENT WOOD	216
When I was young, I had a bed.	
ROBERT P. TRISTAM COFFIN	57
When Orpheus with his wind-swift fingers.	
Osbert Sitwell	188
When the tree bares, the music of it changes.	
CONRAD AIKEN	3
Whose woods these are I think I know.	
ROBERT FROST	88
Wide waters in the waste; or, out of reach.	
ALICE MEYNELL	143



A00003



3 5134 00151994 7

PR 1225 .B66 1923
 Best poems of ... (Boston,
 Mass.)
 The Best poems of ..

811.8
 B4-6
 1923

GENERAL LOAN COLLECTION
 Oregon State Library
 Salem

RULES GOVERNING MAIL ORDER LOANS

Books loaned through local public libraries or through traveling libraries are subject to the rules governing them.

No charge for books.—The books circulated by the State Library are free to all citizens of Oregon who will agree to observe the rules of the library and pay transportation charges both ways on books loaned. Shipment is made by mail or express and all prepaid charges must be remitted upon receipt or return of package.

Borrowers.—Adults not previously registered as borrowers should if possible apply through librarian of local public or traveling library, school officers or principal, county school superintendent, member of the Legislature, officers of the local grange or other permanent organization, or give reference to some state officer located in Salem. Reference is not essential to service. Minors must obtain signature of local librarian or school principal.

Number of Volumes.—Any reasonable request for books will be granted if applicant wishes them for study or research work and books are not needed elsewhere.

Time Kept.—Books must be received at the State Library within 28 days from the date of loan. They may be renewed for the same period upon request, as long as needed for study, unless reserved for other borrowers. Date upon which books will be due in the library is given on notice of shipment. Some books will be issued for shorter period and may not be renewed.

Groups of books for home clubs and libraries are loaned for longer periods of from three to six months.

Fines.—A fine of one cent a day must be paid for books kept, without renewal, beyond period for which loan is made. No book will be loaned to anyone who has failed to meet the obligations of borrowers as given in these rules. Notice will be sent when books are five days overdue without having been renewed.

Lost and Injured Books.—Borrowers are held responsible for books and are required to pay for lost and injured volumes. Number of pieces loaned is given on notification postal and borrowers are held responsible for this number unless notice of shortage or error is sent immediately upon receipt of package.

Books must be kept clean, must not be marked and corners of leaves must not be turned down.

